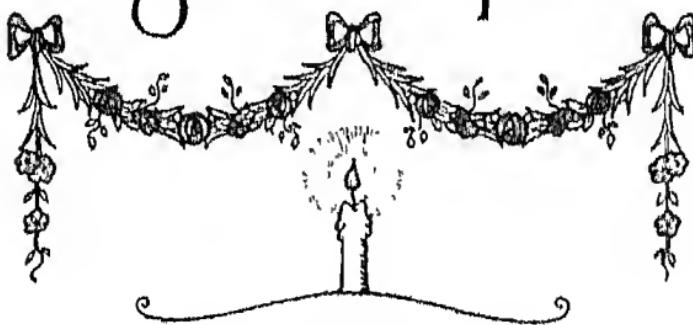


Putnam's Book of Parties

Marguerite ^{By} Aspinwall



Decorations by
Charles K. Stevens

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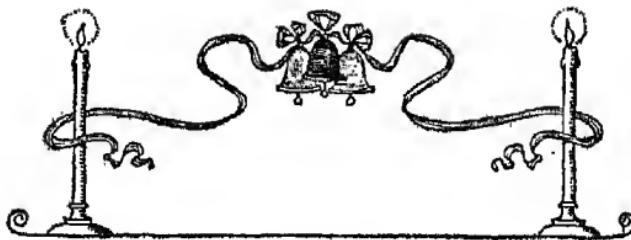
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PUTNAM'S
BOOK OF PARTIES

HOLIDAY CELEBRATIONS



A NEW YEAR'S EVE CANDLE PARTY

Fun for All Ages

THE invitations were bits of white cardboard cut in candle shape, and bearing these words, written in green ink all down one side of the candle:

Come help me to burn a candle so bright,
Of bayberry, sweet and green,
The little New Year on its way to light,
With a good resolution to "keep to the right,"
And a wish for a future serene.

On New Year's Eve when the clock strikes nine,
Pray, prompt on my threshold be,
To take your candle from out the line,
And light your wick from the flame of mine,
And join in a wish with me.

On the reverse side of the candle were the name and address of the hostess, and "R.s.v.p."

When the guests arrived on New Year's Eve, they were ushered into a room lighted with green-

shaded electric side lights, which cast a pale, dusky, woodsy glow. A row of little green bayberry candles (one for every guest invited) was set out on a long and narrow table running down the center of the floor. This table had been made by placing a plank on two carpenter's "horses." The plank had been entirely covered with silver-foil, and the unsightly "horses" hidden by banking them with real pine and cedar boughs.

The candles were not in holders, but were kept upright by fine wire nails driven up from the under side of the plank table, so that the points protruded enough to stick the candles on. All the candles were unlighted, save one, which was set in the middle of the line.

The young hostess stationed her guests down both sides of the plank, and she herself, reaching over, took up the lighted candle. Holding it high above her head, she chanted solemnly the rhyme which had been written on the candle-invitations —changing a few of the lines slightly, however, to fit the present instead of the future:

"Come join me in burning a candle so bright,
Of bayberry, sweet and green,
With a joint resolution to 'keep to the right,'
And a wish for a future serene.

“ ‘Tis New Year’s Eve, so pray form in line,
But remember to silent be,
While I hold my candle aloft in sign
That you light your wicks from the flame of mine,
And wish your wish silently.”

One by one, without speaking, the girls and men took up a wee green candle, and forming in line, passed their hostess, each guest stopping a second in passing, to lift his or her candle and ignite the wick at the already lighted one she held out to them.

It was a pretty sight, and the gesture with which they lifted their candles, to light them, was a kind of gay salute, like the lifting of a glass to drink a toast.

When all the candles had been lighted, the hostess led the way to the big stone fireplace at one end of the room, and kneeling in a huge semi-circle about the hearth, the guests bent forward and set their little green candles upright in the empty fireplace. (By letting a drop or two of the melting wax drip on the brick hearth, and setting the candles down firmly in the wax before it hardens, it is easy to keep them upright.)

At a sign from the hostess the guests joined hands, and facing the dozens of brightly burning flames,

each made a silent wish for the thing he or she most desired for the coming year.

The candles were then left to burn themselves out, while the guests at the direction of the hostess, betook themselves to other amusements. Of course, bayberry candles are associated in most people's minds with Christmas, but this ingenious young hostess could see no reason why they should not be equally applicable to New Year's Eve wishes, and so she built her party about that idea.

The next amusement in order was concerned with balloons. A side door was opened unexpectedly, and a great flock of vari-colored balloons, released by some invisible hand, soared into the living room, eliciting cries of surprise and delight from the beholders.

Soon it was discovered that each balloon trailed a thin, colored string from it, the ends of these strings dangling just above the guests' heads, but within reaching distance if one were rather agile at jumping. For the next few minutes everybody was occupied in securing a balloon, and when all had been captured, the hostess "counted out" two of the guests as captains of opposing teams, for "Balloon Tennis." The captains were allowed to choose their teams, alternately, and then

ranged their following on opposite sides of the silver-covered plank table on which the bayberry candles had originally stood. Every player was now handed a paper "sticker" with a number on it—red for one team, green for the other. These stickers were then pasted on the players' balloons, so the latter could be identified at the end of the game, and the trailing strings cut off.

The players were paired off—a man against a girl—and the game was to keep all the balloons going back and forth across the table-barrier, using the table as a tennis net. The flat of the players' palms was used instead of racquets, and all the strokes had, of course, to be downward, and very hard, otherwise the balloons escaped from the game altogether and soared ceilingward.

Eventually all the balloons made good their escape, in spite of the players' most strenuous efforts, and every time one did this, the player whose number it bore had to drop out of the game. Of course the last player to keep his balloon in play was winner, and was awarded a prize of a pretty green leather desk calendar for the coming year.

The sequel to this game was the problem of "shooting down" with toy bows and arrows which

were handed around by the hostess, the run-away balloons now floating securely out of reach against the ceiling. The small wooden arrows had been sharpened to fine pencil-points, and if the archer's aim was accurate enough, in nine cases out of ten the point struck hard enough to prick the balloon, which, as the air inside escaped, sank slowly floor-ward. The archer bagging the greatest number of balloons was given a prize of a painted tin box filled with New Year cakes. The girl who won it declared she was going to use it for a delightfully "different" work box after the cakes were eaten.

It was nearly midnight by that time, and all sorts of noise-making instruments were passed around—toy drums, whistles, accordians, horns, and rattles—and with the first stroke of twelve from the big grandfather's clock in the hall, such a pandemonium of thumps, shrieks, bellows and wails as that mad company tortured from their instruments has probably never been surpassed!

After the racket had lasted for five minutes or so, the hostess marshalled her noisy guests in a long procession, and started them out to the dining room, two by two.

The door into the dining room was apparently a leaf from a giant calendar, with "Jan. 1" printed

on the white ground in thick black letters two feet high. The hostess pushed this open like an ordinary door, and the company marched through it out of the Old Year into the New.

In the dining room, instead of one long table for supper, numbers of small card tables had been set for four. Each had, in place of the conventional cloth, a square of white linen with "Jan. 1" in huge black letters in the center. (The letters had been cut from heavy black, glazed paper, and pasted in place.)

On a stand near the door was a pile of black-painted tin trays, each bearing a white "Jan. 1" in the center. As they entered the room the men helped themselves to the trays, and foraged for supper for their partners and themselves, cafeteria fashion.

In the middle of the room the round dining table was set with plates, cups, saucers and silver, as well as the viands for the supper. Flat pine branches covered the whole surface of the table, and in the center stood a mammoth white-iced layer cake on which was printed in chocolate "Jan. 1." In the middle of the cake one steady white candle burned, for the little New Year's first birthday. At one end of the table was a cold

roast turkey, which was carved to order by the young son of the house. At the other end of the table stood a big coffee pot, surrounded by a bevy of cups and saucers, and flanked by a pitcher of thick, yellow cream, and a bowl of cut sugar.

At one side of the table there was a platter of potato salad, covered smoothly with mayonnaise dressing, with the date "Jan. 1" printed across the top in red letters cut from strips of pimiento.

A plate of sandwiches made of white bread, with pimiento, cream cheese and nut filling, occupied another conspicuous position on the table, and each sandwich had a red pimiento "1" on its upper side.

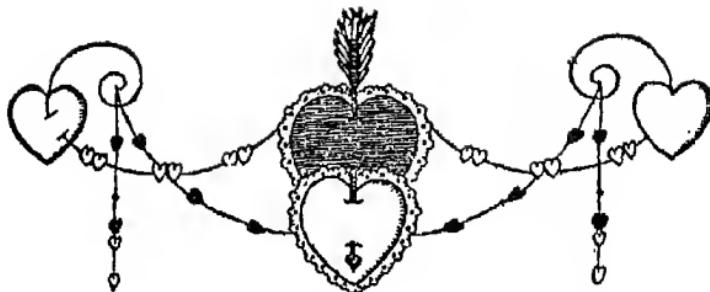
Small square, white-iced cakes also had the numeral "1" in raspberry and chocolate icing, and white cream peppermints (served in a silver-paper bell, set upside down on the table) each bore a wee chocolate "1." Similar silver New Year's bells of various sizes, scattered down the table on the pine branches, held salted nuts, snapping mottoes, "sparklers" to shower a harmless rain of fire when lighted, and wee, rainbow-colored cheesecloth bags filled with confetti. There were also dozens of spools of gay ribbon confetti, in a specially big silver bell, and before long the room was

a tangle of color and a jangle of noise, laughter and the crack of snapping mottoes.

In addition to the hot coffee, there was a stone jug on the table filled with cider. (The date "January First," printed in full in black letters, ran around the jug like a frieze.) Later, when dessert arrived, a large brick of vanilla ice cream was carried in, adorned by the inevitable "Jan. 1" in hardened chocolate fudge on the top of the form.

Of course the mottoes held fantastic fortunes hidden in them, and equally fantastic caps to wear during supper, which added another touch of fun to the evening's hilarity.

After supper a banjo or two, a ukelcle, and a guitar appeared (the musical members of the group had been requested beforehand to come prepared), and the company launehed into a program of all their old and modern favorites, singing joyously and loudly until well into the morning hours of the New Year.



A SAINT VALENTINE FASHION SHOW

And Grab-Bag Supper

A school gym, assembly hall, or even an extra large living room at home will all do equally well for this jolly Saint Valentine party. Invitations should be written on the backs of the fluffiest, laciest, most old-fashioned valentines to be found, and the wording should be as follows:

SAINT VALENTINE FASHION SHOW AT 8.45 O'CLOCK

(Prizes will be awarded for the most original creations, designed on the moment's inspiration.)

Grab-Bag Supper to follow Exhibit

In the lower left-hand corner will be the hostess's address (or that of the school, or college gym), and under it: "Admission—one tube of paste, and one pair of medium size scissors."

The hostess (or chairman of the entertainment committee) collects the "price of admission" at the front door, and directs the guests to assemble in the hall, or living room, where the Fashion Exhibition is to be held, as soon as they have divested themselves of their wraps.

In the center of this hall are a number of card tables, on which are set out a gay and bewildering array of "materials" for the creation of Saint Valentine fashions. One table holds yards of crêpe paper of varying widths and all the colors of the rainbow. A second table shows "trimmings"—tissue paper lace by the yard, paper ribbon of all colors, and dozens of novelty ornaments made of the same material. While on a third table repose the tubes of paste, and scissors brought by the guests.

There are no chairs in the hall, but on either side of the entrance are piles of gaily hued cushions; and the hostess invites her guests each to take one of these, and to seat themselves on the floor, forming a huge circle.

She herself then enters this circle, carrying a big basket filled with paper flowers—one for every guest present. (A third of these are pink, another third of the number blue, and the remainder red.)

Standing in the circle, first she throws the blue flowers, announcing that only the girls are eligible to scramble for them.

All those girls who have been quick enough to secure one of the blue flowers, rise and withdraw to a little distance while the hostess throws her second batch of flowers—the red ones this time, announcing as she does so that this is strictly a masculine contest. The men holding the red flowers withdraw to join the blues, and the hostess last of all tosses the pink flowers, stating that this is a "free-for-all."

When every one of the guests holds a paper flower of one of the three colors, they are ordered to match the numbers attached to the stems, whereupon they discover that instead of partners, they are told off in trios, as there is an identical number on a tiny tag attached to the stem of a blue, a red and a pink flower. The holder of a pink flower may be either a man or girl, but there is bound to be both a man and a girl as the other component parts of the trio.

The hostess now announces further that reds and blues are designers and dressmakers, while the pinks—regardless of sex—are models. She orders each red and blue partnership to collect

their allotted model, and proceed then and there to "create" for her (or him) a representative Valentine costume, using the crêpe paper materials and trimmings set out on the center tables, and their own tubes of paste and scissors. The costumes, she adds, may be beautiful, original, or merely funny.

Naturally a good deal of laughing protest will be voiced before the workers settle down to their tasks. But after that is over, it will be a highly amusing sight to behold the energy with which they will attack the costume-making. Such shouts of laughter over mistakes, such groans of despair or ejaculations of relief, according to how the work progresses! And such frantic scurrying to and fro between material-tables and models will be enough in themselves to insure the evening's entertainment.

The model is not permitted to offer criticism or suggestion, but must endeavor when she (or he) is finally bedecked in the new Valentine finery, to parade it with all the mannequin airs and graces that will show off its fine points to the best advantage.

When the last Valentine costume is completed, the flushed and triumphant workers hasten back

to their former cushions in the big circle on the floor. (The card tables are first pushed back against the wall, out of the way.) Then, one by one, the "models" parade about the circle with mincing steps, turning and pirouetting like real mannequins.

The guests vote on the most original or cleverest creation by the simple device of sending their favorite model a valentine. The hostess passes around a sheaf of valentines in envelopes, and pencils. Every guest thereupon writes on the envelope the name of the model who has taken his or her fancy, and drops the envelope into a slit in a big, red, heart-shaped box at one end of the room, which bears on its cover the words, "Saint Valentine's Mail."

These ballots are counted at the end of the evening, and the prize—which is a triple one, consisting of three boxes of candy, each looking like a big gaudy valentine with its ribbons and frilly paper—goes to the trio to which the winning model belongs.

By this time, what with all their hard work, and much laughter, the whole company will be hungry. Glancing toward the entrance of the hall, they now notice that while they have been

busy designing costumes, someone has set up a curious screen across the doorway. It looks like a giant lace-paper valentine, with a great hole in the center. (In reality it is made of an old-fashioned clothes horse, on which, as a frame, a valentine has been constructed of crêpe paper.) Across the valentine is printed in gilt-paper letters: "Grab-Bag Cafeteria."

Piled on the floor at the foot of the screen are small picnic baskets from the ten-cent store, each having a tiny red cardboard heart tied to the handle.

Each guest selects a basket, writes his or her name on the heart tag on the handle, and drops the basket through the hole in the valentine. Almost as fast as the baskets are dropped through, they re-appear again at the same opening, pushed back by invisible arms, and this time full to overflowing with gay, tissue-paper bundles of all colors. After the guests have each identified their own baskets, they return to the circle of cushions on the floor, and investigate the contents.

A pink bundle contains chicken-and-ham sandwiches (heart-shaped of course), wrapped first in an inner wax-paper covering. A bright red, smaller package has in it a salad of a hard-boiled egg hollowed out and filled with chopped celery and

nuts. A square, golden bundle proves to hide a luscious piece of homemade gingerbread iced with sentimental heart designs. And a round, wooden cheese box, wrapped in green, holds a heart-shaped pastry "shell" filled with a delicious concoction of whipped cream and chopped maraschino cherries. Tall glasses of cold fruit-ade are passed by the hostess and several girl chums.

At the very bottom of each basket, the guests find a second small cardboard heart, like the one tied to the handle; and on this is written the name of his or her partner for the "stunt" dancing which is the next item on the evening's program.

A victrola is then turned on, and a second "exhibition" staged—this time of strictly original dance steps, invented on the spur of the moment. A jury, composed of the acknowledged three best dancers present—who, of course, take no part themselves in the contest—award old-fashioned cotillion favors of crêpe paper—flowers, fans, wands with streamers, parasols, etc.

The evening can then, of course, wind up with informal "general" dancing to the victrola.



A VALENTINE LUNCHEON

For a Bride-Elect

Make a round centerpiece of maiden-hair fern, laid flat upon the tablecloth; on this, place a low glass bowl of red roses, one for each guest, and in the middle a bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley for the bride.

Just before the luncheon is announced empty the water from the bowl, and tie a wee silver horseshoe, for good luck, to the stems of the bride's bouquet with a big white satin bow. Choose three of the roses, and tie in similar manner to these with red bows a thin gold ring, a lucky coin with a hole in it—and for the third, the proverbial thimble.

Replace the flowers in the bowl so that no trace shows of the ribbons or charms, and as the guests rise to leave the table the bride is presented with the lilies-of-the-valley, and each girl is requested to

choose a rose to wear home. The fortunc-telling trinkets will be a complete surprise.

The place cards may be oblong bits of white cardboard made to stand upright, having a row of tiny red hearts strung on a red ribbon tied through the top of the card. Below is a huge question mark, heavily inked, and under this the guest's name.

On the bride's card a few bars of the Lohengrin wedding march replace the question mark, and one heart is tied to it with a conspicuously large white bow. Tiny red emeries can be bought in heart shape, or little red silk hearts can be made.



IN HONOR OF LINCOLN

An Old-Fashioned Supper Party

The young hostess, who had decided to entertain some of her friends on February 12th, planned it as an old time country supper, and ten guests were bidden.

The table was covered thickly with feathery

green ferns, and in the center stood a cunning log cabin. (These are sold now at almost any toy store as a fascinating "put-together" game for children, and will do splendidly for the table.) At each place, instead of a doily, stood a square stack of small sticks laid crosswise to support the plate, and beside each lay a toy axe with the guest's initials, cut into the wooden handle with a sharp penknife, to serve as place card.

In front of every place, too, was a wee market basket, also initialed, containing candy vegetables such as all catering shops sell—carrots, peas, beans and corn. (If anyone giving the supper prefers, these baskets may contain shelled, unsalted nuts, instead.)

On either side of the log cabin in the center stood a "wood-pile" with a toy axe beside it—only the "wood" proved to be candy logs, and the guests were invited to eat them at the close of the meal.

The supper itself consisted of a delicious, cold, home-baked ham; candied sweet potatoes; and hot Sally Lunn, with fresh butter to spread on it. Big cups of coffee and thick cream were served with this course in the old-fashioned style, as was also the vegetable salad with its French dressing and

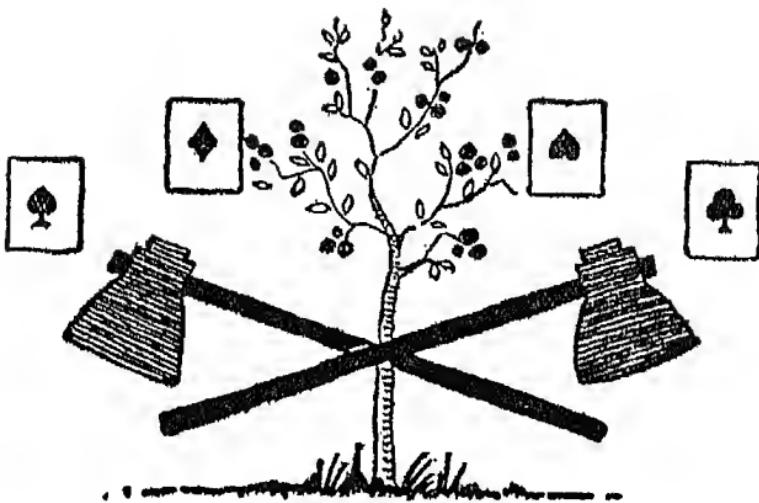
cream cheese balls. The second and final course was a deep-dish apple pie with a bowl of stiff-whipped cream to put over it.

After supper everyone adjourned to the living room where a huge and cheerful open fire roared on the hearth. Cushions were piled invitingly around the fireplace on the floor and everybody selected a comfortable spot. Pencils and pads were then handed around and the hostess announced that they were about to collaborate on a new "Life of Lincoln." The guests were bidden to write on a slip of paper all the facts or anecdotes of our great president, which they could recall. These were read aloud in turn by the hostess, and the one unanimously conceded to be the fullest and the most accurate was awarded a prize —a copy of John Drinkwater's play, "Abraham Lincoln."

Then the lights in the room were turned out and the fire built up more brightly, and everyone sat back in a "singing" mood.

One of the boys had been asked to bring his banjo; two of the girls had brought ukuleles, and someone with a fine tenor voice acted as leader. The banjo and ukuleles did pretty well with improvised accompaniments to the familiar old songs,

and even if there were moments when everyone wasn't exactly together, the firelight, the good supper just eaten, and the mood of jollity and good fellowship covered all deficiencies.



A WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY BRIDGE

*A "Patriotic" Card Party that is Little Trouble
for the Hostess to Prepare*

Appropriate and effective covers for the card tables can be made in a few minutes by taking three broad strips of linen—one red, one white and one dark blue—and stitching them together on the machine, with flat seams. The ends without selvage are ravelled to make fringe about an inch long, and the four corners of the cloth are weighted with heavy red, white and blue beads.

The playing cards should have pictures of George and Martha Washington on the backs, and charm-

ing little place cards can be made in a second or two by taking plain white cards, and pinning a wee bunch of real flowers—a few dark blue corn flowers, several sprays of either lily-of-the-valley or white sweet peas, and one half-open red rosebud—to the card with a short, pearl-topped pin. The guest's name is of course written on the card, under the little bouquet, and the flowers can be taken off, and pinned on the player's shoulder with the pin provided, according to Fashion's latest decrees.

The prize for each table consists of three of the new popular, colored handkerchiefs, in either a fine linen, or crêpe de chine—one handkerchief, of course, being dark blue (to complete a traveling costume); one red (to add a dashing note to a grey or tan afternoon frock); and a white one with that always dainty net footing to edge it in place of lace.

When the guests go into the dining room for tea, after the game, they will see the table set with your handsomest lace tea cloth; a low glass bowl of corn-flowers in the center; and tall red candles in the silver candlesticks—which again is your red-white-and-blue effect, without any straining after color combinations.

Small cup cakes, iced in red and white, are set out on an old blue-and-white Willow-ware plate,

white meringue shells hold raspberry ice, and are served on blue plates to match the cake platter. Orange Pekoe tea is poured into blue and white cups, and to further carry out the color effect: the sugar of course will do for the white, while in addition to the usual slice of thin lemon, a candied cherry is also added to each cup--cherries being particularly appropriate to Washington's Birthday, and providing a wee touch of red, besides, to the *ensemble*. (Candied cherries are served with afternoon tea at all the up-to-date tea rooms and hotels, with the sliced lemon and a stick of clove, so you can be assured the combination is a delicious one, in addition to its effective coloring.) Small white cream mints are placed in blue china bonbon dishes on one side of the tea table, and little round, "suck-y" red cinnamon drops in a matching blue bonbon dish, opposite.

If you choose, you may also add one more patriotic note to your scheme of decoration, by placing four small silk American flags, cross-wise on your table, under your bowl of blue cornflowers.



CARDS AND LUNCHEON

For Washington's Birthday

At the top of each invitation were little Colonial heads, the tricorns outlined in red worsted. The cards read: "Mistress Mary Clarke bids you help her celebrate the birthday of General George Washington, on February 22nd, at one o'clock."

Down in one corner was "R. s. v. p." and over that, "Luncheon and Cards."

The lunch table represented a snow scene at Valley Forge. First, the entire table had been covered with small branches of evergreen, except for the places where the plates and glasses were to be laid. The centerpiece was a big square of "snow"—cotton batting, sprinkled with the glistening "snow dust" used on Christmas trees. In the middle of this was built a very realistic looking fire

of tiny branches and twigs, with a red electric light bulb concealed in the very heart of the "fire."

Tiny soldiers in Colonial uniform stood or lay about the camp fire on the snow, toy guns beside them or stacked together at one side. On a tripod of three sticks over the fire itself, hung a doll's kettle, with one of the tin soldiers standing near as though doing "kitchen police" duty. From underneath the snow, ran narrow, red, white and blue ribbons to each guest's place, the other end tied to a toy souvenir cannon.

Of course it was a red, white and blue menu, too:

Tomato bisque with whipped cream on top, served in blue bouillon cups.

Saltine crackers with narrow strips of pimiento.

As an entrée, squares of toast with slices of fresh tomato on each, then a strip of sizzling-hot bacon, some grated white of hard boiled egg on that, and last of all a covering of Russian dressing.

Chicken croquettes with white sauce, fluffy mashed white potatoes, and diced young boiled beets, served on blue and white plates.

Tiny, smoking biscuits, split and buttered.

White grape and banana salad, with whipped cream dressing, and maraschino cherries to top it off.

Crisp crackers and cream cheese balls.

Demi-tasse in blue cups.

Red and white peppermints.

While drinking the coffee, the guests amused themselves by pulling the red, white and blue ribbons at their places, and from under the snow centerpiece came gay snapping mottoes, containing Colonial cocked hats of tissue paper, which were put on at once and worn into the big living room, where the card tables were set out—two for bridge, and one for hearts.

Mary had made original and striking covers for these three tables of broad red-and-white striped bunting, with tiny crossed American flags sewed in place at each corner. The playing cards had been chosen for the patriotic designs on the backs, and the score cards bore the head of Washington.

On each table was a small cocked Colonial hat made of crêpe paper by Mary's own clever fingers, turned upside down and filled with more of these little red and white peppermints. The prizes were the same for each table—little red tissue paper packages tied with red, white and blue ribbons, and containing two handkerchiefs, one with a red border, one with blue.



A MAY DAY WALKING PARTY

For Girls Who Like Out-of-Doors

On May Day we shall celebrate
Quite in the old-time way;
And flowers, potted plants and bulbs
Will help to make us gay.

Please bring a contribution,
And wear a walking frock—
A sweater, hat and low-heeled boots—
And come at three o'clock.

The invitations were wee, old-fashioned nosegays of paper flowers, lace paper frills about each, and they were hung on the girls' bedroom door knobs. Above is the little verse that was attached to each.

The names of two juniors, who were room-mates, were added in one corner, to show who were the hostesses of the mysterious party.

The interested and curious girls arrived, attired as instructed, and bearing their offerings of "flowers, potted plants or bulbs," but not knowing at all what they were supposed to do with them.

The hostesses met them at the door of their room, similarly hatted, booted and gowned, with their own arms full of pink tulips—an extravagance that, for which they had sighingly decided to forego a number of sodas and movies. They refused, grinning, to answer any questions, and only turned and led the way downstairs, and outdoors, their guests following.

Still followed by their laden train, the two led the way through the little college town to the hospital on the hill just outside. Here a nurse, who was in the secret, met them, and conducted them to one of the wards, where they were welcomed with ecstatic cries of delight from the long rows of white beds. Understanding now what they were to do, the girls started from bed to bed, distributing their gifts, and a few moments later, were out in the fresh air and sunshine once more, still following their leaders.

They were all girls who were fond of walking, and they exclaimed with pleasure when their hostesses led them into the fields, through a strip of woodland they knew well, and which was one of their favorite tramps, and on over other fields and across a little hill, and from there out onto the traveled highway again.

They found themselves in another hundred feet, at the door of a quaint little tea room, and to their surprise their leaders went up the two white steps, opened the green-painted door, and entered, with the flock of girls at their heels.

They now found that tables had been reserved in advance by telephone, and evidently their hostesses had paid a visit as well, and planned the decorations. Each table had a low blue bowl of spring jonquils on it, and at each guest's plate was a wee, fairy posy. These boutonnieres were spring-like and adorable, made of two pale yellow crocus buds, a few sprigs of heather, and some crisp and delicate fern tips to surround the whole.

The hungry trampers fell to with cagerness when the cups of steaming, fragrant coffee, pitchers of yellow cream, and platters of smoking, golden-brown waffles were set before them.

Soon it was time to begin their tramp back to

college across the green spring fields, and they arrived at their dormitory flushed with exercise and laughter, vowing that it had been one of the pleasantest May Days they remembered. The best part of all was that this May Day celebration became one of the customs of the college, eagerly planned each year.



FOR MEMORIAL DAY

Even if the War is Over, There Are Still the Disabled to Remember

"This," announced Anita to the eight girls gathered about her, "is the first meeting of the 'Memorial Day Club.'" As Anita explained it, it went like this:

Celebrations of Memorial Day amounted to doing things for the dead heroes of our country's wars, who weren't in need of what we could do for them any more. She proposed that the new society should get in touch with the nearest club for disabled ex-service men and discuss how they could celebrate the day in a way to give lasting pleasure and profit to the twenty or more ex-sailors, soldiers and marines who still lived there.

"We have one week until Memorial Day," Anita wound up. "And in that time I want everyone of you to think up—by yourselves—what you can contribute."

Not until the morning of May thirtieth when they assembled at Anita's big house, laden with strange looking boxes and bundles, did the members learn what each had contributed.

Lucy had canvassed all her acquaintances in town and collected new books and magazines of the current month that the owners had read through and tired of. Not content with this, she had asked each donor if she might have the next number of the magazines when he or she was finished with it, and thus pledged herself to keep the library replenished all through the year.

Anne had five pounds of homemade chocolate fudge and several large tin boxes of her celebrated candied orange and grapefruit peel.

One understanding girl had taken the time and trouble to find out which were the home towns of the boys at the Club, and had got nine friends to join in, each giving one dollar a month, which would pay for each boy's home newspaper delivered daily at the Club door by mail. No part of the celebration made a bigger hit with the ten

rather homesick boys from distant parts of the country than that one little act.

Ruth's contribution was three, big, luscious layer cakes, out of her own oven, iced in funny little messages, such as "Many happy returns of the day," and "Good luck!"

Jessie's father was a garden lover, and so her contribution was two dozen home-potted geraniums, pansies, pinks, and a number of lovely woodsy looking ferns, to brighten the Club rooms and window ledges.

Constance had contributed a dozen music records from her own cabinet, and had begged two dozen more from sympathetic neighbors and friends.

Nancy, the literary girl of the crowd, had just bought a new portable typewriter, which left her with an old but still serviceable machine on her hands. She offered this as her contribution, and to at least one young soldier whose ambitions paralleled her own, the gift was a boon.

Bessie came from a large family of smokers and she begged generous contributions of tobacco and cigarettes from them all and added several packages which she bought with five hoarded dollars left from a recent birthday present. No

comments are needed on the reception that her gift had in the Club.

Anita herself, however, had the biggest surprise to tell of. Her Uncle Peter had somehow heard the story of the intended new "celebration" of Memorial Day, and quite of his own accord, he had suggested the gift of a radio receiving outfit to be installed in the Club at his expense. As Anita insisted on having a share in the gift he had finally consented to use the money she had been prepared to spend as her part of the celebration for buying some extra bit of apparatus for the radio set. He explained to her that there were always new additions and improvements possible, and hinted that next Memorial Day he might be induced to add to his present donation for this purpose.



THE ROUND TOWERS

An Unusual Irish Luncheon

The girl who planned this lunch had recently been reading something about ancient Ireland, and her attention had been arrested by an account of the famous "Round Towers." There are about a hundred of these mysterious old ruins, scattered through Ireland, of which no one knows with certainty the history or purpose, though of course a good many conjectures have been made. Some people believe they were used to hold the treasures of the Church 'way back in the days when the latter was very rich and stored up vast quantities of jewels, given by devout penitents.

However, whether that was originally the thing

these old towers were built for or not, it at least suggested a novel idea to Mary Lou for her St. Patrick's luncheon.

First of all, she covered the entire top of the bare table with a thick, cool carpet of green ferns, and in the center she built a cunning hollow tower about ten inches high and five across, of smooth garden pebbles and small stones. To keep them in position and prevent her "tower" from falling into more realistic ruins than she intended, she used a tube of cement sold to mend broken china. It was really quite a simple bit of construction.

With the aid of some good glue she made patches of moss grow on her stones, and piled the ferns thickly about the tower's base. Then, at each guest's place, she built a wee "round tower" of the tiniest pebbles she could find, lined each with clean white waxed paper and filled it with little round green mints.

From the central tower narrow Irish-green ribbons ran to each wee tower, and half-way down each ribbon hung a little silk Irish flag. It made a charming effect, particularly when Mary Lou, as a brilliant afterthought, built four more pebble-towers about her candlesticks and had tall green candles rise out of the open tops.

In her menu she used a green and white color scheme that anyone else could follow also without very much extra bother and work. First there was cream of spinach soup served in green-banded white bouillon cups, and little puffy tea biscuits, steaming hot, split and filled with a tempting green filling made of finely shredded lettuce leaves mixed with cream cheese until it formed a thick paste.

The second course was also green and white: breast of chicken, cubed and creamed, with a sprinkling of finely chopped green peppers. With this were served little new potatoes with melted-butter sauce and green garnishings of parsley, and tender, very small lima beans—out of a glass jar at this season, but almost equal to the fresh ones, nevertheless. More biscuits were passed with this course, and green and white cups of fragrant Orange Pekoe tea, with thin slices of orange (much more flowery and delectable than the conventional lemon). The smallest oranges the hostess could buy were used; and the rinds had been left on, and carved ingeniously into fluted flower edges. They produced a very pretty effect floating like big golden pond lilies on the clear amber tea.

There followed an appetizing fruit salad, made

of those so-called "white" grapes that are really a pale delicate green, hearts of young lettuce, and cream cheese in the center with thin slices of green pepper placed on top.

The last course proved to be individual forms of pistache ice cream, in the shape of shamrocks. Little homemade green-and-white iced cakes in flower design were served with this.

The guests found on the ends of the green ribbons when they pulled them at the finish of the meal, cunning boutonnieres of shamrocks to pin on their coats, and wear home in honor of good St. Patrick's Day.



AT THE SIGN OF THE WISHING WELL

For St. Patrick's Night

We had received quaint little green cards of invitation, cut in the shape of a shamrock, with a clever sketch of an old well in the exact center of the card, and under it these words:

There are still fairy folk in Old Ireland—
If you have faith you may see them at the
Wishing Well on St. Patrick's Night,
At the full of the Moon.

On the reverse of the card was the name of our hostess, and the hour.

Needless to say, everybody accepted the delightfully mysterious invitation, and reached the house promptly at nine o'clock—the appointed hour.

Ruth—our hostess—was the happy possessor

of a wide hall, big enough for dancing, and this had been cleared, the floor waxed, and the whole place charmingly decorated with greens and cunningly-made shamrocks of green tissue paper. In one corner of the hall was an orchestra composed of a harp, a "fiddle" and a piercingly sweet flute. Near the door through which we entered stood two children, a small brother and sister of our hostess, dressed as wee green pixies. They carried armfuls of funny or pretty favors for the various dance figures of the evening—little green-and-gold harps shamrocks, Irish flags, etc.

Old Irish airs were played—jiggy yet plaintive things that made your feet tap restlessly, and carried you 'way, 'way back to the happy days of Erin when there were really wishing wells and fairy folk, and everyone honestly believed in them.

After we had danced jigs and country dances—we made up most of the steps on the spur of the moment—and grand chains and, of course, a few modern waltzes and fox-trots, and had the most marvelously good time of it, too, the event of the evening came off.

This was a dance contest in which the orchestra played anything it felt like, apparently, and the

different couples tried to make up the most original steps that they could devise to fit the tune. We each had a separate turn, and made the dances funny, or pretty, or ambitious, as the mood seized us.

Then we took votes, and to the two couples getting most votes the pixies presented first and second prizes. The prize for the girl was a lovely green chiffon evening scarf, wrapped in green paper, tied with a big green bow, and ornamented with green paper shamrocks. The second girl's prize was almost equally pretty—a little green-and-gold vanity bag, of course in the shape of a shamrock. The first and second prizes for the men were just big, green-covered boxes of candy, tied up with exaggerated bows and shamrocks, and the only difference was that the first prize was a larger box.

Now the hostess told us, mysteriously, that the time had come to visit the famous Wishing Well, and those who were hungry or thirsty could wish there for food and drink from the fairies who guard the well.

Excitedly we followed her to another room, quite weirdly dusk, the only lights about the walls being covered with green tissue paper bags that

gave the place a sort of moonlight-and-woods effect. In the center of the room there appeared to be indeed an actual old-fashioned well. Afterward we learned that it had been cleverly made of an empty barrel set up on end, its sides entirely covered with greens—pine branches, evergreens, etc. Over the top a square arch had been built with two upright boards, and a third, broader one forming the roof. Bits of moss, bark, leaves, etc., had been glued over this to give a rustic appearance, and through a pulley fastened underneath ran a thin rope, its ends hanging down into the well's depths. From each end of the arch hung a green lantern, giving what one of the girls excitedly called a "spooky" light, and astride the arch sat a tiny green-clad pixie—one of Ruth's baby sisters' dolls, of course. At the whispered command of our hostess we all seated ourselves on the floor in a huge circle about the well. Then Ruth looked about the group and counted us off with some foolish rhyme of our "kid" days—the way we used to count out the boy or girl to be "It" in tag. I happened to be "It" on this occasion.

I was then commanded to pull the well rope until my "fortune came up in a bucket." This sounded cryptic enough certainly, and I pulled

with a vim. Up promptly, came a wee toy pail tied to the rope with a green bow. I untied the bucket, and inside I discovered a small green envelope, sealed. However, I wasn't permitted to open it until all the company had received their turns. Ruth then counted out the next guest, who took my place by the well, and the same performance was gone through. As the wee buckets were tied at about two-foot intervals along the rope, this did not take much pulling, and when the last guest had pulled up his bucket, and we were all once more seated on the floor in an expectant circle, we opened the little envelopes.

Inside were square green cards, each adorned with a—supposedly—prophetic sketch by the clever pen of our hostess. She had also gotten some friend with a gift for making up amusing jingles to co-operate with her, and the result was delightfully funny.

After we had laughed over our "fortunes," we were told to go up to the well one by one, and make a wish for something to eat, and then reach down and see what we would get in response.

There were rustic baskets of all kinds of sandwiches, and other baskets full of homemade cookies and eakes. There was a big cool-looking crock

wreathed with greens on the outside, and filled with chicken salad. Tied to this was a new toy wooden shovel to use in place of a spoon; and somebody found a pile of paper plates tied up with ribbons and shamrocks to eat the salad on. One of the men with grunts and groans at the weight of it, actually lifted out a big ice cream freezer from the very bottom of the well. The two little pixies next ran in, one of them carrying a steaming coffee pot and the other a chafing dish of creamed oysters.

We sat on the floor on cushions, in the same big circle, and ate and laughed, and talked, while the pixies waited on us—all in the green “moonlight” of the lanterns—and we had an evening I can safely say, for which we one and all voted many heartfelt thanks to the memory of good St. Patrick of Ireland.



AN IRISH POTATO PARTY

Held in the School Gym on St. Patrick's Evening

Every year at Roscmarsh Hall the Juniors and Seniors held a St. Patrick's party in the school gym, and they were always looking for new ideas to make each year's affair more original and amusing than those which had gone before. Their latest achievement was the "Irish Potato Party" I am going to tell you about.

The invitations were on bits of light brown cardboard, cut in potato shapes, and with this highly original verse printed on them in green ink:

My practical value you'll all of you own;
But my attributes social are not so well known.
Just give me a chance though—I hope to convert
you;

In any event, the attempt will not hurt you.
There are games which the humble potato plays
parts in,
I can tell you, moreover, the state that your
heart's in;
I'll feed you—indeed you will own they're delicious,
The various viands in my favorite dishes.
In the gym I'll expect you exactly at eight-o—
On March seventeenth.

Your most faithful

POTATO.

Naturally everybody was on hand bright and early, full of curiosity to know what was on foot, for the entertainment committee had been unusually close-mouthed this time, and not a hint had leaked out.

On entering the gym, they found that the farther end had been screened off by a row of heavy gray blankets (borrowed from the dormitories) hung on a long rope stretched from side to side of the gym, at a height sufficient to preclude even the tallest girl getting a peep beyond the barrier.

Running from the entrance of the gym, down to the row of blanket-curtains, was a "green carpet"—made from a roll of Dennison's heavy crêpe paper. Beside the gym door stood a bushel basket of potatoes, and about half-way down the long

gym, on the green carpet, were ten long-stemmed clay pipes such as children use to blow bubbles through. (A little melted candle-grease had been dropped on the "carpet" and the bowls of the pipes pressed into this while it was still soft. When the wax hardened, the pipes stood upright, though they did wobble a bit.) They were not grouped together closely, but separated at intervals of six or eight inches, here and there along the carpet strip.

The entertainment committee handed each girl three potatoes from the basket as she entered, and commanded her to try bowling down the curious "ten-pins" from the doorway. If a potato rolled off the narrow green strip, the player lost a point, and if she were fortunate enough to knock down a pipe she won five points. If, however, she not only knocked the pipe over, but broke it as well, she won twenty-five points. All these scores were duly entered on a green tally card, which with the little green pencil attached to it, was presented to each guest outside the gym door, by the committee.

When everyone had bowled their turns, the next event on the program was the always-amusing potato-race. The winner, who had picked up

with a teaspoon—and one hand tied behind her—the greatest number of potatoes in the shortest space of time, received a score of twenty-five points. The second best at collecting potatoes received a score of ten, and the third best five points. All the others had to set themselves down *minus one* on their scores.

The committee allowed no grass to grow under their feet between events. The winners had hardly entered their respective scores, when the green carpet was rolled up out of the way, and the committee produced a box of indoor croquet, and proceeded to lay out a course on the bare boards of the gym floor. Eight players at a time were allowed to compete, the winners of the various matches to play against each other in the grand finals.

It was ordinary croquet—with one important innovation: potatoes were used instead of balls, and the difficulty of doing any skilful playing with a potato which is far from being a true round in shape, and exceedingly bumpy besides, may be imagined. The girls grew almost hysterical with laughter, as they watched their most carefully calculated shots go blithely off in strange directions.

The winner of each game received five points

on her score, and the winner of the grand finals, twenty-five. All the others wrote themselves down another *minus one*.

Then each girl present was handed a potato, and a sharp paring knife, and told to cut the skin off, carefully, and in one long piece; throw it over her left shoulder, and see what initial the paring made on the floor behind her. (This, of course, was a variation of the old Hallowe'en fortune-telling "stunt" with apple-parings.) This did not take as much time as the other games, since everybody could pare potatoes at once, but it caused an equal amount of laughter.

Then attention was called by the committee to several particularly large potatoes hanging on long cords from the rafters of the gym. Volunteers were now called on to be blind-folded, led up to a swinging potato, and with a short hat-pin which the committee provided, contrive to stick it firmly in the potato, holding their other arm behind their back, during the attempt.

Two girls succeeded, and were awarded twenty-five points each, while all the failures had to write themselves down *minus one* again.

For the next, and final event, everyone sat down on the floor in a circle, and the committee distrib-

uted green pencils and sheets of paper. Each player was to write a question at the top of her sheet, fold the paper over so the questions did not show, and pass it to her neighbor on the right, who must answer the unseen question, *bringing in the word "potato"* in her answer. The paper was once more folded over, and passed on to the right. This girl had to write a comment on the way the question had been answered—of course without knowing just how wide of the mark it had come. Once more the paper was folded over, and passed along the circle. The next girl had to write a defense of the way the first question had been answered. The fifth girl had to write an "original ode to a potato." The sixth girl had to tell in ten words how one plants a potato. The seventh must write an anecdote—real or fictitious—in which a potato figured. The eighth had to tell some recipe for cooking potatoes. The ninth girl opened the paper and read the whole absurd rigamarole aloud to the circle.

No marks were awarded for this event, and the entertainment committee now requested everyone to add up their scores, and give her the totals. The girl with the highest score received as first prize a lovely green crêpe scarf; the second prize

was a string of exceptionally pretty imitation jade beads, and the third prize was a box containing three green linen handkerchiefs.

Now the blanket curtains across the end of the gym were pulled aside, and showed three "market stalls" where three girls in Irish green dispensed supper.

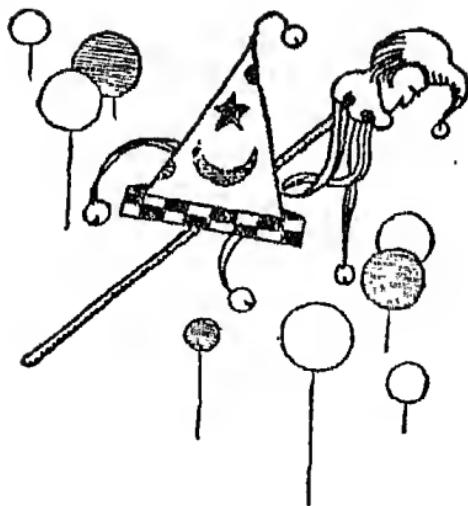
At one stall "Hot Potato Dogs" were sold—flaky, hot, baked potatoes, with the tops cut off, a big hole scooped out of their centers, filled with a lump of butter and a crisp, brown, aromatic sausage bursting out of its sizzling skin. The potatoes had, of course, been baked beforehand, and kept hot in a fireless cooker which stood just back of the stall. The sausages were cooked fresh, on the spot, on a small electric grill the committee had borrowed for the occasion.

The "Potato Dogs" were eaten, by the guests standing up in front of the stall, and using spoons to dig out the delicious contents.

The second stall offered most realistic looking "potatoes," which were really almond pastries, and which can be bought at almost any cake shop, or bakery that sells French pastry. Pistache ice cream was also served at this stall; and the third booth had all sorts of "drinkables"—

ginger ale and sarsaparilla set in pails of cracked ice; and a big stone crock of ice-cold fruitade.

Juniors and Seniors united in a vote of appreciation to the hard-working entertainment committee, declaring that this was the jolliest gym party they had ever been present at—either on St. Patrick's night, or any other.



"APRIL FOOL!"

Some New Ways to Do It at an April First Party

The girl who planned this party did not make the mistake of having special invitations which should give her carefully laid plans away. She merely called all her special chums—both girls and boys—on the telephone, and asked them to "come in on —— evening about half-past eight. No—nothing formal, just a jolly little get-together party." She avoided mentioning the day of the month, substituting the day of the week, instead, and if any of the invited guests realized later that it was also a special occasion, they could not be

sure Mary herself had intended her party and the particular date to coincide.

When the evening arrived, and the guests with it, Mary ushered them all into her big, cheerful living room, which, however, looked much less cheerful tonight with all its side lights swathed in dim green silk coverings, that let an eerie, moon-light effect filter through the room. From the central drop light hung a Chinese gong, with a muffled hammer tied to it.

Mary now proeceeded to tell her guests that the first thing they would do that evening was to have their futures read by a most "weird and wonderful gypsy woman," who—strangely enough—appeared bashful about allowing herself to be seen.

Each guest desirous of peering into the future, was to strike a note on the gong—one note if the seeker after the future were a man, or two strokes if it were a girl.

At each summons, a dark portière covering a side door in the room was pushed slightly aside—just far enough to show a swarthy looking bare arm, from which a trailing red and golden sleeve hung. In the hand belonging to the arm, was held a small white card.

The excited guest then advanced, and took her

card, whereupon the gypsy's arm vanished precipitately. Each card had a small red heart glued in the center of it, and from under this cardboard heart peeped the end of a narrow gold ribbon. Written on the face of the card, above and below the heart, was, in every case, an extravagant prophecy of blood-curdling ill fortune to arrive in the immediate future. The predictions were all general enough to fit almost anyone, and so very gruesome that they were more humorous than terrifying. (Of course they were carefully done, and nothing of too personal a nature used.)

When the last guest, however, received her card, instead of the extravagant predictions of the others, it contained this word:

"You will now advise your fellow visitors to pull the gold ribbons on their cards, and read what is written underneath the red heart."

Reading this strange advice aloud, the company of course proceeded simultaneously to pull their ribbons, upon which the red cardboard hearts were detached, and under them was printed plainly: "*April Fool!*"

Before the laugh at their own credulity was over, Mary called them all to order. "We are now going to dress up in real April Fool costumes," she an-

nounced. "Go up stairs, one at a time, to my room at the head of the hall, and you'll find the costumes hanging in the closet—I've left the door open. Choose your own, and wait up there till everyone's found theirs."

Naturally everyone was a bit suspicious, but there didn't seem to be any possible trick in this simple request, so the girls started up first—one at a time. Each found Mary's room without trouble, and the opened closet, where, sure enough, there were several real April Fool costumes hanging from pegs, with gayly hued cloaks draped about them, and fool's caps (apparently stuffed to make them realistic looking) hung over the hook above the costume.

The guest would stand a moment in the dimness, (the lights were green-dimmed up here too) deciding which of the garbs she wanted. She would then advance, reach out her hand to the chosen costume, and—utter a shriek. For the fool's cap lifted, to disclose a masked face underneath it, and the folds of the cloak moved, showing they already covered a wearer.

Then a voice would utter, sepulchrally, from the mask: "*April Fool!*" Giggling, each guest in turn realized that still another trick had been played

successfully, but just because they had been caught, they were the more determined that none of the others should escape. So each retired demurely to a corner of the room and gave no warning to the next comer, who duly appeared and was fooled in the same way.

Trooping downstairs ten minutes later, the company found that a change had taken place in the room they had recently left. A web of glittering gilt and silver strings radiated out from a common center on the picture molding of the left-hand wall, and the various strands stretched, tangling and intertwining, to various parts of the room. Up on the picture molding, hung a big, balloon-like paper bag, of variegated colors, and all of the ends of silver and gilt string seemed attached to one part or another of its gaudy surface. Mary explained that there was a thread for every guest present, but that just one thread would drop the bag's contents. Everyone was to choose a thread, and pull, but the threads that were merely puzzling extras, were only attached with a touch of glue, and would free themselves at the first jerk.

From below, without actually testing, there was no way to know the right thread, but the guests did a good deal of guessing, and figuring, before

they made their various choices. All the threads but the right one broke away, as the hostess had warned, but a steady pull on the one actually attached to the bag ripped its gaily-colored paper side from top to bottom, and a shower of confetti fell to the floor—only confetti and nothing in the way of treasure-trove, unless one counted a small, jeering green and gold card, shaped like a fool's cap, with the inevitable reminder "*April Fool Again!*"

However, just when the groans were loudest, at this continual and easy "duping," Mary brought out a dainty, green-wrapped package and offered it to the winner, as a "consolation prize." On being unwrapped, it appeared at first glance to be a book; on closer investigation to be a box of candy in the shape of a book, and bearing the title: "The Sweetest Thing in the World." The winner, on discovering that there was candy inside, refused to take a bite, lest she come upon red pepper and cotton "stuffing."

"I won't be caught again," she declared firmly. But she was, just the same. For the candy was real candy, after all.

Mary now formed her guests in a procession, and marched them into the dining room for supper—

only to have them encounter a bare table, with a huge white sign laid flat in the center: "April Fool."

"Let's try the library," Mary suggested, and sent the procession on a complete tour of the house in search of an apparently non-existent supper. By the time, unsuccessful and hungry, they had returned to the living room again, there was still a third change in the room. Half a dozen small card tables were set out, covered with snowy cloths, silver, and dainty china—and nothing else except fruit.

In the center of each table burned a flat white candle, rising out of a banana skin so realistically that it appeared to be the fruit of the banana itself that was alight. At each guest's place stood a huge, rosy-cheeked apple on a plate, and beside it, on a small plate, an equally large, and luscious looking orange.

Cautious investigation, however, proved that by taking hold of the apple's stem, a section of the top lifted out, and showed the apple entirely hollowed out, lined with waxed paper, and filled with a tempting chicken salad. The top of the orange also lifted up in the same way, and the interior, (lined with waxed paper after being cleanly scooped

out) contained hot, toasted crackers with grated, melted cheese on top—the air-tight orange rind having kept them as steamingly hot as when they emerged from the oven. What were apparently fat heads of crisp lettuce, which also stood at each place, were really cups of rich, hot chocolate with whipped cream floating on top, the whole thing—cup, saucer and contents—being snugly hidden in two big lettuce leaves drawn up over them, and held in place at the top with a wee touch of glue.



AN APRIL FOOL ANNOUNCEMENT

A Luncheon That Is Not What It Seems

In the middle of the table was a big heart-shaped wedding cake upon a centerpiece of ferns and little white rosebuds laid flat on the bare table. From this a narrow white ribbon ran to each girl's place where a bowknot fastened it to a square white envelope, like a wedding invitation. These the guests were not allowed to open yet.

A small toy wooden churn stood at each place with a wooden spoon beside it, and apparently contained whipped cream, but upon being tasted the cream proved to be merely floating on a clear chicken bouillon.

The second course was scallops à la Newburgh in a chafing-dish, accompanied by tiny buttered soda biscuits.

For the third course, rosy-checked apples filled

with fruit salad were served with crackers and cheese hearts.

Heart-shaped tarts filled with preserved strawberries and whipped cream came last, with pink and white iced cakes, and black coffee.

By this time the girls were all excitement over the supposed engagement. When the hostess asked each guest to open her envelope everyone opened eagerly to find a card, on which had been sketched a tiny fool, in cap and bells, holding up a sign, "April Fool!"



A "MOCK ORANGE" PARTY

For Entertaining on April Fool's Day

On April First, at half-past eight
Pray join us in the gym.
There's much to do, so don't be late—
Mock oranges in groves await;
We'll pick them with a vim.

So read the orange-shaped invitations, cut from orange cardboard. Every girl who had received one arrived promptly at the hour named, to find the big double doors into the gym tightly closed.

Five minutes later the doors opened, to disclose the April Fool on the threshold.

The girl who took the part had copied a court jester's costume from an old history book, and sewed it with dozens of tiny jingling gold and silver bells. But a novel touch was the big bunch of

small orange-colored balloons which she held in one hand. As the girls entered they were each invited to select a fortune-telling balloon, paying a forfeit for it. They were then told that if they accepted the fortune contained in the little slip of paper pasted loosely on top of the balloon their forfeits would be returned. If they protested that the fortune was inappropriate, they must win back the article by finding the tent of the "Seventh Daughter of a Seventh Daughter" at the exact second named on a small orange card (which the April Fool handed over upon request), where they would have a special and private fortune read from their palms.

Each appointment card was numbered, and the April Fool, drawing a huge orange crayon from one of his pockets, wrote the same number on a smaller tag, which he tied to that particular guest's forfeit. The forfeit would be returned in the tent of the Seventh Daughter after the fateful reading.

Covering each of the many electric light bulbs about the big room were small jesters' caps made of orange and red crêpe paper, with a cluster of bells hanging from the peak. From light-fixture to light-fixture around the room, and criss-cross over the ceiling beams, ran gay red and orange

streamers of Dennison's crêpe paper ribbon from which swung rows of little orange balloons.

In one corner of the gym a tent of striped red and orange crêpe paper on a wire frame had been set up. The figure 7 was brilliantly outlined above the tent doorway in orange letters, and inside the tent the Seventh Daughter of a Seventh Daughter was found seated before a tripod, upon which swung a black iron kettle over what appeared to be a smoldering fire. (The semblance to real smoke was obtained by a steaming electric tea-kettle simmering away under the branches and pine boughs composing the "fire"). Balls of gold foil stuck here and there produced an illusion of small flames.

When the visitor's fate had been foretold in solemn tones she was requested to reach into the caldron and see what further prophecies she could unfold. In the bottom of the caldron were a number of small, sealed orange envelopes, most of which were entirely empty save for the words "April Fool" on an orange-shaped card inside. But five envelopes held, instead, the small silver charms one usually finds in brides' cakes: a wedding ring, a silver thimble, a lucky four-leaf clover, a piece of money, and a silver pin in the shape of a wishbone. The final act in the ceremony was each

girl's receiving her forfeit back, done up in an orange-colored package.

In one corner of the gym a post office of orange cheesecloth curtains and an orange-colored counter had been erected. The committee had asked their guests, beforehand, to come prepared with "mail" for anyone they knew, so there were plenty of absurd letters and jokes.

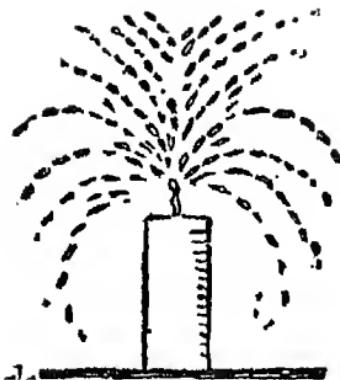
In a third corner of the gym was the "Mock Orange Grove" mentioned in the invitations. Here stood a collection of clothes-trees taken from the different girls' rooms. The wooden stands were wound with green crêpe paper and small crêpe-paper-stuffed oranges were tied to the "branches." Each girl picked an orange, pulled it apart, and found somewhere inside the cotton stuffing a bit of cardboard with a cryptic direction, such as "Where French flows rhythmically from pen point to paper." The girl who received this decided that the inkwell in the classroom given to French composition was meant. She proved right, and fished out a small tin box such as pen points come in. Inside was another paper with another direction.

One by one the various triumphant treasure seekers straggled back to the gym, each bearing a

small orange-wrapped package containing her find. But alack and alas! in the excitement of the search they had all forgotten that this was an April Fool's party. The prizes appeared at first glance to be ordinary oranges. Further inspection proved that the fruit had been skilfully removed, leaving only the empty rind, with the small cap that had been cut away at the top to permit the operation glued neatly back into place. Inside the orange was another of those omnipresent orange cards bearing the maddening message, "April Fool!"

However, there was consolation in the form of a picnic supper waiting for treasure hunters in the fourth corner of the gym.

A great platter of fruit salad, with whipped-cream dressing (the insides of the "moek orange" treasure had been used in the salad, mixed with grapefruit, white grapes and chopped apple and nuts); deviled eggs, over which a hot cream sauce was poured from two steaming chafing dishes as it was required; buttered golden Sally Lunn, made by the obliging mother of two of the day pupils; sandwiches galore, cut round; plenty of pickles and olives; chocolate layer cake, and glasses of ice-cold ginger ale and orange ice mixed, formed a feast to appeal to hungry school girls.



FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY

A Supper and Informal Dance

A long table can be made of planks resting upon carpenters' "horses," and the table cloth should be bright red crêpe paper, held in place by thumb tacks to keep it from blowing.

Light the piazza with rows of red flowered Chinese lanterns swung on wires from post to post, and for the table use red wax candles in original candlesticks made as follows: Fill candy boxes shaped like cannon crackers a little more than half full of earth or clay; into each stick one end of a candle sharpened a trifle at the bottom, and pack all about it with clay to the top of the box. Set one of these in front of each place and there will appear

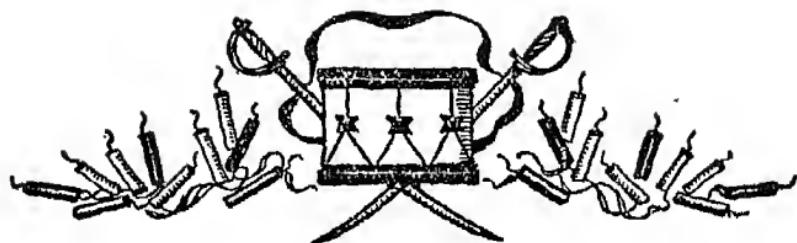
ently be a circle of lighted firecrackers on the table.

The centerpiece is a giant pin-wheel, made of red and yellow roses, laid flat on the table like the spokes in a wheel, but alternating, a long and short one. The stems are stuck in the "hub," which should be moist green moss.

"Sparklers" are piled at each end of the table for the guests to light and wave at the close of the feast.

The menu consists of jellied consommé in cups, fried chicken à la Maryland, hot tea biscuit, and whole tomato salad—the tomatoes scooped out and filled with chopped nuts and mayonnaise dressing—iced coffee with whipped cream, strawberries and cream, and fresh gingerbread.

After supper the table is removed and the piazza cleared for dancing. A pretty cotillion figure may be introduced in which all the dancers wave "sparklers." Flags, fire crackers, lighted "punk" and Japanese incense sticks can be used for favors.



A FIRECRACKER PICNIC

For Fire Eaters

About a week before the Fourth invitations arrived in the mail cut out of thin red cardboard in the shape of big firecrackers. They were inscribed in gold ink:

The Firecracker Sprites,
To share in their rites,
Do send you a warm invitation.
In my garden they'll wait,
Exactly at eight,
On the birthday, next week, of our nation.

MISS MARY LOU BANGS

July Fourth

In her garden Mary Lou had strung up lanterns on red cords between some convenient trees and from the bottom of each was hung a cluster of wee, tinkly bells. On the grass had been spread a big piazza rug, and here and there on it were heaped

inviting piles of soft gay cushions. Beyond the rug, in a wide circle, burned sticks of red fire.

Two young sisters of Mary Lou's were the "Firecracker Sprites" and met the guests at the head of the path leading to the garden, dressed in gay red crêpe paper costumes over their own frocks.

Each guest, on arriving, was presented by the Sprites with a "firecracker cap" like their own, and told it was the passport into their domain.

When everybody had gravely donned one of these caps, the guests were conducted to the rug, and provided with cushions to make themselves comfortable. When the whole party had assembled, the Sprites disappeared, and promptly reappeared carrying baskets of what seemed at first glance to be heaps of huge red "dynamite crackers." A venturesome guest pulled at the wick, and removed a cover, proving the fire-crackers to be only hollow boxes which can be bought at novelty shops at this season to fill with bonbons or jokes.

In this instance they were filled with the first course of the Fourth of July supper. On top was a paper cup wrapped in waxed paper, which, on being unwrapped, was shown to contain a scooped-

out tomato, just the right size to fit the cup, and containing chopped chicken, celery and potatoes, mixed with a delicious Russian dressing. Under the paper cup of salad, was another oiled-paper package, a thick, flat one which proved to hold two kinds of sandwiches, cut in novel but appropriate shapes by Mary Lou. One kind was made of fresh cheese, homemade brown bread, containing a mixture of pimiento and cream cheese, and the sandwiches themselves were cut in figure 4's. The other kind was of white bread, cut in big capital J's and filled with deviled ham, shredded lettuce and mayonnaise. At the very bottom of the firecracker container was a stuffed egg, also in oiled paper.

When this course had been eaten, the Sprites came running back, one carrying a big red platter heaped high with homemade cupcakes, iced in red on tops and sides both, and having a red and white peppermint "wick" of candy stuck in the top of each, to complete its resemblance to a squatly little firecracker of a new sort. The second Sprite carried a tray of paper saucers with fresh, tempting red mounds of early raspberries, and a tiny American flag stuck in the topmost berry.

After these had been passed, the Sprites came back with two tall glass pitchers and a tray of glasses—one pitcher filled with iced coffee and whipped cream, the other with a delicious, chilled fruit-ade.

Last of all they passed about another big "firecracker" candy-box, asking each boy and girl to draw one of the tiny folded slips of red paper it contained. These, being opened and read aloud in the crimson firelight, proved to be instructions for some "stunt."

The performer must get out in the middle of the circle, the red flares were abruptly extinguished and green ones substituted, and he or she was commanded by the hostess to "go ahead."

The "stunt" consisted of singing a patriotic song (all verses); seeing how far he or she could get in Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, or the Declaration of Independence; or else the performer must answer quizzing questions—(names of presidents, battles, etc., etc.).

Prizes were gravely given out by the Sprites for the five best performances—*wee* firecracker candy-boxes filled with red and white peppermints. The evening closed with fireworks.



A COLUMBUS DAY LUNCHEON

With Bridge Afterward

As Columbus was an Italian, nothing could be more appropriate for October twelfth than an Italian party. At least so thought young Mary Lea, and as all her guests agreed with her unanimously, it is probable that other girls, too, would enjoy the same sort of Italian luncheon and bridge.

Plain white correspondence cards were used for the invitations, with crossed Italian and Spanish flags painted in one corner. (Though Columbus was Italian himself, of course everyone knows that it was Spanish money that sent him on his momentous voyage to discover *us*.) Under the

flags was lettered Mary Lea's address, and under that again this jingle:

Old Italy and Spain unite
Your honored presence to invite
Upon Columbus Day at one,
For luncheon, bridge and general fun.
So I, as their ambassadress,
Do pray you, kindly answer "yes."

This effusion was signed with the young hostess' name, and needless to say, the invitation was accepted by the guests with great promptness and a most lively curiosity.

The polished table-top was left bare for the luncheon, and for a centerpiece an oblong of dark red velvet was spread down the middle of the table, covering a sort of raised platform or dais (made of a square cardboard box), on which were set two wee dolls' chairs with high backs and arms. The chairs had been carefully gilded, and had a red velvet "rug" thrown over the back of each. On these improvised thrones sat Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, two small dolls dressed in imitation of those famous personages as they appear in our history books. By the use of two smaller boxes, steps up to the dais had been con-

trived, and on the lowest of these stood Columbus himself, dressed also according to the best historical data on the subject, holding both hands out pleadingly to Queen Isabella, as he begged for money to finance his great voyage.

A number of other dolls stood about (braced by small wooden stands under their flowing robes) dressed as court ladies, and on Isabella's right knelt a doll-page, opening the royal coffer of jewels that were to be pledged to send Columbus on his way. The jewel chest was covered with glittering gold-foil, and out of its depths trailed a dazzling array of "pearl" and "diamond" necklaces as well as gaudier jewels like "rubies" and "emeralds." The hand of Queen Isabella was pointing to this gorgeous display, in token that Columbus might look and realize there would presently be plenty of money forthcoming.

Two silk Spanish flags were crossed behind the royal thrones, and the place doilies all round the table were squares of linen (fringed about all four edges, to save the trouble of hemming) in bright colors: reds, greens, orange.

The place cards were plain white slips of cardboard, bearing the guest's name, and having pinned in one corner with a little pearl-headed

pin, a real rose—red and deep yellow roses alternating on the cards around the table. The guests pinned the flowers on at once. (In copying the luncheon, of course artificial corsage flowers can be substituted for the real ones, if the hostess wishes.)

Four tall candlesticks stood about the centerpiece, wrapped with red and yellow crêpe paper, and containing, instead of candles, (which are not appropriate at a luncheon, of course) clusters of wee, silk Spanish and Italian flags.

The menu was a composite of Spanish and Italian dishes:

Tomato Soup *á la España*

Spaghetti *Italiani*

Madrid Coffee

Columbus biscuits

Neapolitan Salad

Spumoni Ice Cream

Sweets from Granada

This menu was written in red ink on the back of each place card, so the guests should not miss the foreign atmosphere that surrounded the meal.

The Tomato Soup *á la España* was ordinary cream of tomato, with an extra dash of paprika sprinkled on top, mixed with the yoke of a hard

boiled egg, grated. The Spaghetti *Italiani* was boiled spaghetti, served with a sauce of chicken livers and mushrooms poured over it. A dish of grated Parmesan cheese was passed with this course, and the guests sprinkled the cheese over the spaghetti as a final garnishing. The Madrid Coffee was probably a flight of imagination on the hostess' part, for the only remarkable thing about it was that, as one of her guests phrased it, it was "remarkably good." Also it was served with the main course, in large cups, instead of as a demi-tasse at the end of the meal, and had thick cream to put in it. The Columbus biscuits were tiny, round tea biscuits, which had been split and buttered while steaming hot, and had had chopped American cheese added as a sort of sandwich filling. The biscuits had then been put back in the oven until the cheese had melted, and were served piping hot, with the spaghetti. The Neapolitan Salad was "Neapolitan" because it was composed of several colored layers, like Neapolitan ice cream. First there was the green of the lettuce, then a bright red slice of tomato, then a white layer of chopped celery, lastly the yellow of thick mayonnaise (homemade), and a red powdering of paprika on top of that. Small educator crackers were

passed with the salad. Spumoni Ice Cream, of course, needs no explanation; one's ice cream dealer can supply it on demand. The "Sweets from Granada" were small, round homemade cup cakes, iced in raspberry and orange.

The bridge that followed luncheon carried out the Spanish and Italian idea. The covers for the card tables were red and yellow, the backs of the cards had Spanish or Italian girls, matadors, gondoliers, etc., on them, and the prizes were the gaily colored handkerchiefs that are so popular.

(Although Mary Lea's party was a girls' luncheon, it would be quite as easy to change it to an informal evening supper with bridge afterward, for both men and girls. The only differences would be in the place cards, where the roses would be omitted on the men's cards, and a made-up boutonnière substituted, of corn flowers, or three dark red sweet peas. The prizes for bridge afterward, might, in this case, be an interesting book on either Italian or Spanish travel. This could be wrapped in yellow tissue paper and tied with red ribbons.)



A HALLOWE'EN MAYPOLE

And Other Equally Absurd Stunts

The gym is the best place for a party of this sort, as a big room will be needed, and one with a fairly high ceiling.

In the center of the room, erect a tall pole like a Maypole, from the top of which gay orange and black streamers of Dennison's crêpe paper ribbon are bunched so that one end of each streamer falls like a Maypole ribbon. Paste on these ends small squares of orange or black cardboard (orange of course on the black streamers, which are for the men, and black on the girls' orange ribbons). On each card is written the name of a guest—gold ink on the black cards, black on the orange.

The other ends of the crêpe paper streamers run from the top of the pole to various parts of the gym, where they are attached to lighted jack-o'-

lanterns, holding in their grinning mouths small orange envelopes containing prophecies. The idea is that at the finale of the evening each guest will find his or her name on a Maypole streamer. All pull in concert; the lightly held ribbons will come loose from the top of the pole, and each guest then starts to wind his ribbon till it leads him to his fortune-telling jack-o'-lantern.

The four corners of the gym have been marked off for the pursuit of the following sports:

The familiar game of Nine-pins is set up in one corner—but with what a different aspect! Real nine-pins have been used, but they have been dressed up in big white handkerchiefs, like sheeted ghosts. The balls are oranges, painted with black “death’s-heads,” and, as that corner of the gym will have been kept fairly dim deliberately, phosphorus should be rubbed here and there on the “ghost” pins and on the oranges.

In another corner Battledore and Shuttlecock holds sway. But, as in the case of the Nine-pins, it is a totally new game, being played with orange-colored balloons for shuttlecocks, and small, toy brooms (witches’ brooms—for they are decorated with dangling cardboard black cats and witches’ hats) for the battledores. As may be imagined,

the difficulty with this game is not to catch the ball before it bounces, but before it soars away ceilingward. Dangling threads, however, attached to the novel shuttlecocks, provide means of retrieving them.

The third corner of the gym may be a Putting Green. A low platform about six feet square, built of boards set on carpenters' horses, has a hole cut in the center, just large enough to insert a pail of water, leaving the rim of the pail level with the platform floor.

The players stand around the platform, and "putt" from the edges. Each player is allowed three shots, and must step down and out if he fails to "hole up." The golf balls are small Lady apples, and the clubs, wee dolls'-size brooms.

The greatest difficulty about this particular putting green, however, is not in getting the ball into the pail, but in the rule which insists that every player must not only "putt" his apple-ball *in*, but must afterward retrieve it from the pail of water with his teeth, in time-honored Hallowe'en fashion.

In the fourth corner of the gym four gypsy tri-pods, built of tall poles tied together at the top, are set up, a little apart from each other. On the

floor (which is in this corner strewn with autumn leaves and pine needles to simulate a picnic ground) a "fire" has been laid. This of course is made of twigs, branches and leaves, and the fire can be contrived by red electric-light bulbs half hidden or bright, flame-colored foil rolled into balls.

Four of the members of the Entertainment Committee, in the garb of witches, enter in solemn procession, each carrying a huge caldron (preserving kettles can be borrowed for the occasion). Each witch marches up to her particular tripod and hangs her caldron in place on a hook that dangles from the tied sticks.

One caldron contains various kinds of sandwiches—a little packet of four or five assorted ones of generous size being done up in orange tissue paper with a lining of waxed paper to keep the mayonnaise dressing from oozing through—and tied with orange and black crêpe paper ribbons. The sandwiches, to carry out the Hallowe'en idea, should be, if possible, cut in the shape of cats, witches' tall hats and pumpkins.

The second caldron should contain piping hot coffee—and the witch who presides at this will open a hamper basket that stands beside her fire and produce the necessary cups, saucers, spoons,

cream and sugar. The coffee, instead of being poured, should be dipped out with a big ladle.

The third caldron contains what seem to be huge, rosy-cheeked apples. Each apple, however, proves to have been scooped out carefully and filled with a salad of diced apple, celery, chopped hard-boilcd egg and pimiento, mixed with mayonnaise. Across the top of the apple, a thin slice of cream cheese has been fitted, much as a housewife fits a top of paraffin across her jelly glasses. Over the cream cheese, the original top of the apple itself has been fitted back like a cover and is held in place by the cheese.

The final and fourth caldron contains cunning round, homemade cup cakes, each iced in orange with raisin eyes, nose and grinning mouth. Each cake is twisted up in bright orange crêpe paper, tied at the top with narrow orange and black ribbons, the ends of which hang gayly over the rim of the kettle all round.



JACK O' LANTERN'S PARTY

For Hallowe'en

The invitations were little fat yellow pumpkin-cards, on which was written in heavy black characters:

On Hallowe'en, at half-past eight,
You're bidden to a novel fête.
In sheet-and-pillowcase disguise
Present yourselves—if you are wise.
Your future we'll to you disclose,
Where Jack o' Lantern's garden grows;
And other things may happen too,
On Hallowe'en, to each of you!

In the lower left-hand corner were added the hostess' name and address, and "R. s. v. p."

Mary, who had not attempted to disguise herself, met us at the door, dressed as "Jack o' Lan-

tern" in a domino of bright orange cheese cloth, ornamented with little black cats, witches, pumpkins, etc., cut from heavy glazed paper. She wore a tall hat of striped black and orange, from the peak of which dangled a cluster of little gilt bells: (Crinkly crêpe paper cut in strips, and pasted on a cardboard foundation.) Black slippers with orange cardboard pumpkin-buckles, and orange stockings, completed her costume, and she carried a huge Jack o' Lantern.

Beside her, on a small table, was heaped a profusion of strange-looking orange and black cardboard figures, and a pile of tiny tubes of paste. As each guest entered she pasted conspicuously on his or her sheet, a big orange cardboard numeral, and told him that he was to be known by his number during the evening until he should unmask at suppertime.

After everybody had arrived she gave us each one of the small tubes of paste and a handful of the cardboard figures, which were in the shapes of witches' tall hats, cats, broomsticks, etc., and explained that we were to try to "tag" our neighbors by pasting these figures on their sheets. If we were caught doing it, however, the person we were tagging had the right to paste one of his little figures

on us, and could tear off the one we had attempted to inflict on him.

As soon as all our tags were exhausted (in about fifteen minutes) a count was made and the person who had escaped with the fewest tags on his or her costume was awarded first prize: home-made fudge in a box shaped like a big pumpkin. The unfortunate guest to whose sheet clung the greatest number of figures received the "booby" prize—a tiny black cat whose head unscrewed, and whose body held wee green mints.

Our hostess now invited us to follow her to Jack o' Lantern's Garden, so we formed in line, two by two, and marched in "Follow-the-Leader" style around the halls, out the front door, up and down the grounds, until by devious ways, we reached the garden at the back of the house, where we were startled into cries of appreciative surprise by the strange crop that met our gaze.

Short sticks—about a foot-and-a-half high—wrapped in orange crêpe paper with lots of loose ends that fluttered in the wind, stood in orderly rows, for all the world as if they had grown there. And—what made the startling effect—on top of each stick was a wee lighted Jack o' Lantern made from a big red apple.

At Mary's bidding we each chose a stick, and found tucked away in the folds of paper the usual fortune-telling favors: a "gold" wedding ring, a silver piece (for wealth), the conventional old maid's sign: the thimble, little silver wish-bone and four-leaf clover pins for luck. To these better known symbols, Mary had added a small gold pen for some gifted novelist of the future, a paint brush, a "bachelor's button," and a tiny crooked stick, which she explained was the symbol of the flirt who goes too fastidiously through life, ending by "picking up with a crooked stick."

After the fun of the fortune reading we paraded back to the house where we found the living room lighted by dozens of grinning pumpkin Jack o' Lanterns, big and little. These, with our own lantern-sticks, provided the room's only illumination.

Obeying a command from our hostess, we sat on the floor in a circle with Mary in the center. She handed around pumpkin-shaped score cards and wee orange pencils, and began a thrilling "round robin" story, which always had to be broken off at a critical moment, and taken up by the teller's right-hand neighbor. Each story-teller tried to disguise his voice and gestures, and when

the next narrator took it up, everybody jotted down on his score card, opposite that person's number, a guess as to who he might be. When the story had completed the circle Mary collected our score cards, and told us the results would be announced and the prizes awarded after supper. Then she commanded us to unmask. The prizes for our identity contest were—for the girl, three orange linen handkerchiefs; for the man, a copy of a recent "best seller" with a bright orange jacket.

Our hostess now marshalled us all into the dining room, which was also gay with pumpkin-lanterns. The table had been entirely covered with autumn leaves in place of the conventional cloth, and in the middle stood an enormous pumpkin which had been hollowed out, painted with black eyes, nose and mouth, and lined with waxed paper. It was filled with crisp golden doughnuts. Heaped around the pumpkin were rosy-cheeked apples, while at the four corners of the table stood tall brass candlesticks holding orange candles with Jack o' Lantern shades. At the foot of each candlestick was a pile of assorted nuts guarded by a wee toy squirrel. On either side of the table was a long necked yellow squash which had been hollowed

out and lined with waxed paper like the pumpkin. One of these contained old-fashioned striped peppermint candies, and the other marshmallows, which we later toasted over the candles.

An earthenware jug at one end of the table held cider, and at the other end a lovely old silver coffee pot steamed fragrantly. Near the coffee pot stood a child's market basket, containing generous brown bread sandwiches, cut in true Hallowe'en shapes and filled with a delicious mixture of cream cheese and honey. The basket itself was gay with a big orange and black bow, from which dangled several small yellow squashes, painted as Jack o' Lanterns.



A MAGIC PUMPKIN PARTY

For the Family Thanksgiving

A woman who has the reputation of being a charming hostess gave an attractive dinner last Thanksgiving for the various cousins, uncles and aunts she likes to have around her on that occasion.

Some of these relatives lived in other parts of the country, and had not met the rest of the group for months, which made the occasion a very special one indeed.

When the guests arrived they were handed original little place cards, each one made by pasting a brilliant autumn leaf upon a piece of cardboard and cutting out carefully around it. On the reverse side was the guest's name, and under it, this oracular statement: "Your lucky number is 12"—or 6,

or 7, as the case might be. Everybody turned these over with a mystified air, and a good many laughing conjectures.

On entering the dining room the table evoked a chorus of approval. The entire surface of the white cloth was hidden by a carpet of red and gold autumn leaves. Upon this, to weight the leaves down, were wheat ears on stalks about two feet long, radiating from the center of the table like the spokes of a giant wheel. On the hub of this wheel reposed an enormous golden pumpkin—but not an ordinary pumpkin; this was a magic one, like Cinderella's, only it told fortunes, as the hostess explained, instead of merely turning into a coach. From little holes made with an apple corer in the sides of the hollowed-out pumpkin, hung gay yellow ribbons, each bearing a small yellow tag with a number; and, of course, these corresponded with the lucky numbers on the place cards.

It may be added, in passing, that Grandmother was quite as excited as her youngest granddaughter (aged five), over all the jolly, little, carefully-planned, surprises of the party. In fact, the guests decided they had two children to be amused at all the jokes, and that there was very little differ-

ence in enjoyment between five, and seventy-five. Of course this amused Grandmother immensely.

At each plate was a wee toy pumpkin, filled with dainty after-dinner mints (these pumpkins may be bought at candy shops around Thanksgiving), and at opposite ends of the table sat two small dolls, about ten inches high, dressed in Puritan costume—gray dress and white 'kerchief.

The dolls, over their prim gray dress, wore big white aprons, the ends of which were fastened to their outstretched hands and the pockets thus made held salted nuts and old-fashioned peppermint candies.

Around the central pumpkin nuts of all descriptions were piled upon the leaves and wheat giving an out-of-doors, woodsy air that carried out very delightfully the spirit of the occasion.

During the meal the hostess's small daughter passed around a basket filled with yellow telegram blanks, and wee gold-colored pencils. The guests were asked to write in ten words the thing they had at present most cause for which to be thankful and a prize was promised for the cleverest telegram. The little Grandmother won this by unanimous vote, her telegram reading: "Thankful I'm not a crowned head, or President—poor man!"

This prize was a big bunch of yellow chrysanthemums, which Grandmother carried home in triumph, and treasured for a week afterward.

Then everyone was asked to choose a number on the magic pumpkin, and pull the ribbon.

Of course, each person chose the number on his or her card, and drew out a dainty little roll of yellow tissue paper on which was a jingle prophesying something for which that person would be thankful by next Thanksgiving. As it was a family party, and everyone's affairs were more or less known to the others, the hostess had been able to make a number of clever hits that called forth shouts of laughter.

The dinner ended with nuts, coffee and mints, from the pumpkin candy boxes, and a tray of orange colored, snapping mottoes as a last bit of fun to keep any possible stiffness from invading the party.

Grandmother and little Norah were the first to don the orange tissue paper caps inside the mottoes and the rest of the company followed suit promptly.



TABLE DECORATIONS

Three ideas for the Thanksgiving table:

I

On the white tablecloth form a flat irregular centerpiece of wheat ears, with a big pumpkin in the middle, hollowed out and filled to brimming over with all kinds of nuts. On one edge of the pumpkin a little toy squirrel should be fastened so that he appears to be sitting up, considering the feast before him. Cunning plush squirrels can be bought at toy stores.

II

Use plate doilies of bright-colored autumn leaves, and at each of the four corners of the table place a low old-fashioned stone crock, wreathed about with autumn leaves until almost the entire surface of the crockery is hidden. From the broad mouth of each crock a mass of scarlet berries trails over the edge and mingles with the red and yellow leaves about the sides. If you possess several

little white birch baskets, they make pretty dishes for raisins, stuffed dates, and old-fashioned striped peppermint candy.

III

At each place put a yellow chrysanthemum with one end of a narrow yellow ribbon tied to the stem and the other end stretching to the center of the table, where it is fastened to a tiny toy turkey. These turkeys can be bought at almost any candy shop and should be filled with dainty green after-dinner mints. If it is a large dinner party there will be a regular flock of turkeys tethered by their gay ribbons, to be given as favors at the end of dinner.

At each place for the first course, is a tiny bowl formed of the rind of half an orange. (This can easily be separated from the fruit by placing the orange in the oven until the rind stiffens, when it can be cut about the middle with a sharp knife, and stripped off without injury.) These orange bowls are filled with scooped out sections of grapefruit and orange, with a few candied cherries and white grapes topping off the whole, and powdered sugar sprinkled over it at the last minute.



A CHRISTMAS TREE TOY DANCE

A Costume Party for the Holidays

The invitations were gay little jingles written on cards having a lighted Christmas tree painted in one corner:

Come and be some kind of toy my Christmas tree
to dress—

A Santa Claus, a candy doll—I pray you answer
“Yes!”

A paper cornucopia; a snapping motto, too,
Would each be quite appropriate as fancy dress
for you.

An Indian or a Teddy Bear,

A doll, a dog, a drum—

Whate'er your choice we do not care,
If only you will come!

We'll dance a Christmas measure then

Around my Christmas tree,
And eat a Christmas supper when
We're hungry as can be;
And find for all the girls and men
A Christmas prophecy.

In one corner of the card was added: "Toys for the tree are asked to appear at the home of Miss Marilyn Blake, 25 Garden Street, on December —, at nine o'clock."

When the fantastically garbed guests arrived on the appointed evening, a fat and jolly little Santa Claus with a red flannel suit (stuffed out with pillows), a white beard, and cotton-batting ermine trimming on his coat, opened the front door at their ring. Over his shoulder two bags swung, a red one from which the men guests drew "grabs" and a white one into which the girls dipped exploring fingers.

These bags contained all sorts of Christmas favors: tiny stuffed red stockings, peppermint canes, toy drums, horns, Santa Clauses, dolls, and cornucopias. There were only two just alike; one, of course, in the red bag, and its twin in the white one. Girls and men "matched" these favors for partners for the grand march about the

Christmas tree, with which the fun of the evening began.

No one was allowed to enter the living room where the tree was, until the guests had all assembled and found their respective partners. Then the double doors from the hall were flung wide, and the procession formed, arm-in-arm. And such incongruous pairs as marched together that night! There were gauzy fairy dolls, with fluffy, spangled tarleton skirts and equally gauzy, spangled wings, arm-in-arm with woolly, canton-flannel Teddy Bears; there were Santa Clauses escorting striped peppermint dolls, and clowns in harlequin suits marching with curious looking sprites dressed in stiff, flowered cornucopia costumes that flared out in a wide circle about their feet, and ended in a peaked cap a-top their heads. There were clever impersonations of snapping mottoes; of most of the Noah's Ark animals; of drums; horns; stripped balls and picture books. It was certainly a gay and motley company, out to have the Christmas celebration of their lives.

Just inside the doorway, the orchestra had been stationed, consisting of drum, saxophone, piano and violin. As the doors opened, the players struck up a spirited march, to which the procession

of toys entered. In the center of the big room stood a huge evergreen whose top literally touched the ceiling, lighted with dozens of small, colored electric lights shaped like fruit, flowers, stars, and funny little animals. The tree, though a fine, full one, had been chosen with an eye to its taking up as little space as possible, so it had no long, straggling, spreading branches to interfere with the necessary room for dancing.

In addition to the colored lights, the tree had been hung with lovely silver festoons of "icicles," and many small silver and red packages of intriguing shapes were tied to its branches with red and silver ribbons.

Of course the room was decked in true Christmas fashion with holly, and an occasional sprig of pearly mistletoe over a doorway. All the side lights were covered with ingeniously contrived shades of red or green tissue paper shaped like the various ornaments popular for hanging on Christmas trees, and the light shone through them, softened and with a delightful carnival effect.

After the grand march had circled the tree several times, it broke up, and a lively "stunt-dancing" event was next on the program. In this the music changed time erratically, and the guests were

required to invent new steps, yet keep in perfect rhythm with the music. The hostess (dressed as a Christmas fairy), and a Jury of Award, selected beforehand from the guests, stood beside the Christmas tree and watched for any couple who stumbled, or was out of step for even the barest fraction of an instant.

Every couple, getting out of time in this way, was halted by the committee, and made to stop dancing. The contest kept up until a spirited battle between the last two couples had continued so long that everyone agreed with the committee in calling it a draw. Whereupon prizes of big Christmas-y looking boxes of chocolates, tied with fluffy red tulle bows and sprigs of holly, were presented to each of the winning couples.

Then there followed an interval of ordinary dancing, and after that a "Round Virginia Reel," that was danced in the ordinary way except that the long line "down the center" went *around* the tree, instead of running straight down the room. This made it a little harder—and also much more amusing.

When that was over, the drum beat a gay *rat-tat-tat* for a call to supper, and everyone marched out of the living room into the dining room adjoining,

choosing partners haphazard *en route*, or marching in groups, just as happened to be easiest.

The top of the dining table was entirely hidden by a white carpet of cotton-batting, sparkling with "snow dust" to give it the sheen of real snow. In the center stood a little Christmas tree about a foot and a half high, and against this leaned a toy ladder, with a little Santa Claus doll perched on the top rung, apparently busily trimming the tree. The tree, like the cotton batting was sprinkled with the sparkling "snow," and the wee-est, doll sized colored electric light bulbs glittered on its branches. (If electric lights cannot be used, in copying this party, it is much safer to omit the lighting of this center tree altogether, rather than use real candles, as the cotton batting on the table is, of course, highly inflammable. Plenty of red, gold and green glass ornaments will give almost as pretty results as the colored lights.)

The toy idea was carried out in the decorations and setting of the table as far as was practicable. A small, toy sled about a foot long was at one end of the table. A sort of wooden rack had been built about the top of the sled, and the inside lined with waxed paper, to form a platter for a tempting mound of chicken salad, garnished with little red

Santa Clauses (cut with a sharp knife from flat strips of pimiento). At the opposite end of the table, a mound of pine cones, and small branches was built to resemble a fire laid ready for lighting, and on this a huge camp coffee pot (still smoking from the stove) was set in true picnic fashion, with a cluster of cups and saucers about it on the cotton-batting snow.

Down one long side of the table Santa Claus' reindeers—no less than eight of them—drew a toy sleigh filled with gaudy snapping mottoes; while across the back of every reindeer was slung a wicker basket big enough to hold salted nuts, candied mints, small, round cinnamon drops, candied cherries, etc. On the other side of the table a negro mammy doll, in starched apron and red bandanna was seated, holding on one arm a capacious market basket, filled with tiny hot, split and buttered tea biscuits. Her voluminous white apron was gathered up with her other hand (and a safety pin) and held small, red-cheeked lady apples.

The "Mammy" was leaning up against a second toy sled, which bore a load of tempting sandwiches, cut in Christmas shapes, and near the Christmas tree in the center stood a huge round layer cake,

iced in red raspberry icing, and with the words "Merry Christmas" in white icing on the red.

The guests waited on themselves and each other, but when the time came to cut the cake, the hostess and the jolly little red Santa Claus who had opened the front door to the guests (and who proved to be a younger brother of the hostess) passed from the kitchen individual ices in Christmas forms—holly clusters (pistache and raspberry ice), raspberry Christmas stockings with pistache trimmings, and raspberry Santa Clauses with pineapple ice fur bands on their nice red coats. (If the hostess had not cared to go to the additional trouble and expense of having individual forms of ice cream, it could have been served in a large brick—red and green—with sprigs of holly garnishing the platter.)

After supper, the guests danced a while longer, and then, gathering round the Christmas tree, sang all the favorite old Christmas carols; and last of all—directed by their hostess—made a careful inspection of the little red and silver packages on the tree itself, to find those marked with their names. These, on being unwrapped, proved to contain pretty colored crêpe de chine or chiffon handkerchiefs for the girls, and plain white linen

ones for the men, marked with the monograms of the recipients. In each package, there was also a gay red card with a fortune-telling jingle that held a number of amusing "hits" at the guests' various fads, fancies and habits.

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCEMENTS



A CHRYSANTHEMUM LUNCHEON

To Announce Your Engagement

If you want a novel and very charming way to announce an autumn engagement, do it by asking ten or twelve of your particular chums to a chrysanthemum luncheon. Invitations are written on pale buff paper, and decorated with tiny sketches of chrysanthemums in the upper left-hand corner.

The luncheon table is entirely covered with a mat of fresh ferns, laid flat, in place of the conventional cloth, and in the center a garden of hardy, wee yellow chrysanthemums appears to be growing out of a low bank of real moss. Over this is suspended a big yellow crêpe-paper bell, across the

opening of which has been pasted a sheet of yellow tissue paper. Through this paper ten narrow yellow and white ribbons hang, with little golden bells tinkling at the lower ends.

At each girl's place is a chrysanthemum card bearing her name. Even the menu carries out the color scheme: A fruit cocktail of white grapes and sections of orange; white meat of chicken served à la King, candied sweet potatoes, tiny cubed yellow carrots served with butter sauce; orange Pekoe tea, with slices of orange in place of lemon; smoking squares of golden Sally Lunn, and egg salad, in which the whites have been cut in strips and woven into a nest on a leaf of bleached young lettuce. In this nest are wee golden eggs, molded from the egg-yolks mixed with seasoning and mayonnaise. Toasted salted crackers, with grated American cheese, are passed with this course, and the dessert is individual orange ices, in bell shapes, and little homemade cakes iced in yellow and white bells.

At the end of the meal the hostess asks each girl to choose one of the ribbons hanging from the big bell over the table, and pull. Out will fall a shower of confetti and tiny red hearts cut from cardboard. On each heart is written in gold ink the names

of the bride-elect and her fiancé. So, of course, the "cat is out of the bag" then.

In addition to this surprise, each ribbon pulled by a guest proves to have a fortune-telling charm tied at its other end—a wedding ring; old maid's silver thimble; lucky coin; four-leaf-clover pin, etc., etc.—which ends the lunch in laughter and good-natured teasing.



AT THE SIGN OF THE HEART AND ARROW

A Novel Cafeteria Supper

One of the prettiest and most original announcement parties I ever heard of was the one Madeleine gave to announce her engagement to Peter Kingsley last year.

Peter's home was in New York, and he had first met Madeleine when he visited her brother Bob during the Christmas holidays their last year in college. So the rest of us didn't know him quite as well as we knew the men some of our other

chums had married, and it was a bit hard to plan an informal announcement party with the usual familiar hits at our little crowd's pet fads and fancies, without letting Peter feel out of it.

Madeleine got around the difficulty after the following fashion, and hers was unanimously voted the most successful affair of the season, afterward.

About a week before the event we all received cards of invitation which read:

*You are cordially invited to attend
the opening
SUPPER AND INFORMAL DANCE
AT THE SIGN OF THE HEART
AND ARROW
on the evening of (date)
at eight o'clock*

Down in the left-hand corner was R. s. v. p., and in the right-hand corner: "The guests are asked to assemble at the home of Miss Madeleine Rogers."

Of course everybody accepted, and an excited and curious group of girls and men trooped up the steps of the Rogers' piazza on the appointed night, just as the clock was striking eight.

Over the front door hung a big red heart and a birch bark quiver full of little toy arrows. At each side of the doorway swung a small lantern of gay red silk, with tassels of queer, Indian-looking beads.

The door was opened for us by a boy in livery, whom we recognized after a bewildered moment, as Madeleine's youngest brother, Teddy—on a broad grin. His dark blue "best" suit had been trimmed with yards of red braid, and a red velvet collar had been basted in place over the real one.

He directed the girls upstairs to their cloak-room, and took charge of the men himself, giving out hat and coat checks with an air of businesslike efficiency. In our cloak-room (which proved to be the guest room) we were taken in hand by a trim and rather giggly French maid, in whom we pretended not to recognize little Ruth Rogers. She also gave out checks, and put our wraps away.

At the foot of the stairs we found our escorts waiting for us. The red-braided page ushered us into the dining room—which we entirely failed to recognize as a room we had all been familiar with since our little-boy-and-girl days. It was a big room, with a rather low, old-fashioned ceiling, and all the heavy, accustomed furniture had been

taken away, making it seem just about twice as big as we remembered it, in spite of its being comfortably filled with seven small tables, each set for four guests.

The walls of the room were hidden from sight with evergreen branches, over-lapping each other to form a thick, fragrant screen that shut us in on all sides like the walls of some lovely green glade in the woods.

Each little table was laid with an evergreen-bough table cloth instead of a linen one, and each was lighted by two candles in tall candlesticks wound about with vines and woodsy, green creepers, and shaded by red silk shades that looked like big, gaudy flowers growing out of the greens. At each place was a tiny bow and arrow, with the guest's name written in green ink on the white wood, to serve as a place card. Beside each table stood what looked like a little Indian squaw to act as waitress. These turned out to be Ruth's Camp Fire Girl chums, who had been let into the secret of the occasion, and were wild with delight over being allowed a share in the fun.

While we still stood in the doorway, exclaiming, Madeleine, Peter, and the former's brother, Bob, slipped in among us, greeting us as casually as if

they were merely another supper party arriving in a hotel dining room.

When we were seated, each Indian waitress brought in a tray of dainty cups of steaming bouillon, with finger roll "accompaniments." Besides the bouillon there were:

Creamed Shrimps
Sandwiches cut like Indian Arrowheads
Individual Red Heart Ices
Ginger Cookies
(also in Arrowhead shapes)
Demi-tasses

One end of the dining room had been left clear, and after the first course, Madeleine stood up at her table, and announced that there would be a cabaret contest during supper. Prizes were to be offered for the couple executing the prettiest, and most original act, or dance, and other prizes for the most absurd. Each couple was allowed three minutes for their act. There was an excellent phonograph ready to play any dance tune demanded, or the contestants could improvise a tableau, charade, song, or dialogue playlet, as they chose. Volunteers were then called, and a general vote taken at the end of the meal.

Just at first we were all rather shy about getting up to do our stunts, but after several of the more self-confident had started the ball rolling, we were in such a gale of laughter and gay spirits that the only difficulty our hostess had was to hold back too-eager aspirants for their turn, and keep them within the three-minute limit when the time came.

Some of the dances were very pretty—really graceful and original, and more were so ridiculously funny that we laughed until we were weak at their antics. It was hard to choose, but we finally voted the winning couples, and Madeleine handed out the prizes with exaggerated speeches of congratulation.

The girls' prizes were dainty chiffon scarfs, while the men received cigarettes and candy.

Madeleine now went up to the little improvised stage, and held out a sheaf of envelopes, clapping her hands for order as she did so. Of course we all faced about, and waited to see what was to come next in this full-of-surprises party.

"Before we start the dancing," Madeleine began, "I have a little card here for each one of you. I'm going to call our waitresses up and let them distribute the envelopes; only they must not be opened until I give the signal."

Up ran our little squaws, who were given the mysterious envelopes, and then ran back, each to her own table, where they handed out the envelopes according to the inscriptions on them.

We sat and waited, quivering with suppressed curiosity. Madeleine fumbled at a thin gold chain she wore about her neck, made a quick move with her hands, and held up her left one, crying "Go!"

Everybody tore open his or her envelope, and found inside an oblong card with clever little pen-and-ink sketches. At one side was a bow, at the other, two hearts transfixed by the same arrow. On one of these hearts was written Madeleine Rogers, and on the other Peter Kingsley.

Glancing at Madeleine, we had a second's glimpse of a new, bright solitaire, winking proudly on her upraised left hand before, rosy and laughing, she slipped back into her seat at the table beside Peter.

The next moment we were all about them in a shouting, laughing, congratulatory crowd; and after the excitement had subsided a bit, the little squaws each picked up her table (they were only light card tables) and carried it bodily out of the room. The men pushed the chairs back hastily against the walls, and somebody started the phon-

ograph. For the rest of the evening we danced, made up new steps, romped, and talked over the great event of the evening.

The affair ended with an informal cotillion, in which odd, inexpensive Indian favors were given out;—Indian baskets, bows and arrows, toy tomahawks, feathers for the boys, and strings of imitation wampum with little red hearts on the ends, for the girls. We hated to break up and go home at all, but finally tore ourselves away most reluctantly, vowing it was the very jolliest party any of us could remember.



AN OUTDOOR ANNOUNCEMENT PARTY

Which is a Progressive Luncheon

The engaged girl asked her ten best friends to luncheon at her lovely old country place, which is more than half real farm.

She met her guests at the door, and ushered them at once out to a wide shaded piazza. Here a porch table stood covered with a snowy tablecloth, and made gay by a green pottery bowl of summer roses. Ten chairs were drawn up in a circle about the table, and at ten places were pretty green pottery plates.

After seating the guests the hostess proceeded to serve a big platter of ice-cold grapefruit, each half adorned with maraschino cherries.

When the grapefruit had been eaten and the guests provided with bouquets from the rose bowl, the hostess suggested that they all go into the garden.

Here they discovered two rustic garden tables,

each with five chairs drawn about it, laid with a pretty paper tablecloth, and napkins, picnic style.

Upon each table stood a garden basket filled with larkspur and mignonette; a thermos bottle, and five dainty bouillon cups. Also there were plates of three-cornered plain bread and butter sandwiches. The thermos bottles held steaming chicken bouillon ready to serve.

"Now," said the hostess, when this course was finished, "let's go and rest a while out in the field over there where they have just stacked the hay."

The guests followed her till she halted under a giant pine tree, where the biggest stack of all stood. Diving into the depths of the hay, she pulled out two closed market baskets and a gay red table-cloth, which she spread on the ground in the shade.

The baskets were discovered to contain paper napkins, cold sliced chicken and ham, buttered tea biscuits, still hot from the oven, and a covered bowl of tomatoes, scooped out, and stuffed with celery, chopped olives, and mayonnaise. Also there was another thermos bottle, this time containing an iced fruit drink.

Finally the guests were invited to go up to the barn, which was hung with graceful festoons of

daisy chains from rafters to floor. Directly over the center of the big loftlike room hung a huge white wedding bell, made entirely of daisies on a wire frame, and under the bell was a long table, set.

The table was covered with ferns instead of a cloth, and in the middle was a big white bride-cake with the two names written on it in red icing, "Mary Smith" and "John West," enclosed in the outlines of a red heart.

Beside the hostess's seat was a freezer of home-made strawberry ice cream, and on the table were little white, spun-sugar baskets holding heart-shaped creams and chocolates.



A PIAZZA ANNOUNCEMENT

In Which A "Fake" Camera Plays a Part

As each girl arrived she was handed a square bit of cardboard with a big gold letter on it—W for one, I for another, L for a third, and so on. One card bore simply a huge question mark.

The cards had loops of white ribbon run through them, long enough to slip over the girls' heads, and the hostess explained this to them, asking them to wear the cards as lockets. When the guests had all arrived, the hostess invited them to sit in a row on the piazza railing, as she wished to take a picture of them.

Reading from a slip of paper in her hand she directed them how to seat themselves, really, of course, with the idea of making the letters on their cards spell a certain name, but she tried by all

sorts of nonsense directions to keep the girls from guessing what her purpose was.

The "camera" was the tea wagon covered with a gay blanket, held up by props so that it did not touch the surface of the table and disarrange things.

The girl with the question mark about her neck was then chosen to play photographer, and when she took her stand opposite, the whole idea was instantly clear to her, and she read the name aloud, amid shouts of laughter at the way they had all been tricked—"William Smith," the hostess's fiancé.

The cover of the "camera" was now thrown aside, and the tea wagon displayed. Upon this stood a tall glass pitcher of iced tea with sprigs of fresh mint peeping from the top, a plate of thin, heart-shaped sandwiches, another of homemade cakes, iced in appropriate designs—wedding bells, hearts, wishbones, and wedding rings. In one of the cakes had been baked a real wedding ring, in another a ten-cent piece, and in a third the old maid's thimble.

There was, also, to carry out the idea still more realistically, on one corner of the tea tray a dainty bridal bouquet made of all the white flowers the

little bride-elect had been able to cull from her own and her friends' gardens, and this was tied with a great white bow. The bouquet was really composed of several tiny bunches which separated with the untying of the ribbon, and were presented to the guests upon their departure, as souvenirs of the occasion.



A CINDERELLA LUNCHEON

To Announce an Engagement

INVITATION

*Cinderella's godmother
Has sent her coach and eight,
And bids you come on Saturday
At one, to celebrate
A bite of lunch, a bit of news
You may have guessed long since,
Which has to do with mice and men—
And Cinderella's Prince!*

The invitations should be written on white cardboard slippers. If you like, you can cut an advertisement of the proper kind of slipper from a magazine, lay it on the cardboard and trace around it lightly in pencil: then cut it out with a sharp pair of scissors.

On the reverse of the slipper the name and address of the girl who is acting as hostess are written. You may, of course, announce your own engagement if you like, but the "surprise" is more effective if a friend of the engaged girl acts as hostess for her.

The table should be covered with a thick layer of feathery pine or cedar branches or with ferns. On this carpet stands the famous pumpkin coach of the fairy tales,—a real pumpkin, hollowed out Jack-o'-Lantern fashion, if the season of the year permits; if not, then one made of crêpe paper.

The coach carries a festive load of bridey-looking snapping crackers, all white and lacey, with the usual fortune-telling mottoes inside. The steeds are eight amusing chocolate mice, harnessed to the front of the coach with narrow white satin ribbons. A coachman mouse is seated on the box, wearing a tall hat of orange and black tissue paper, glued securely to his chocolate head.

At each guest's place is a doll's white slipper, filled with colored confetti. An enormous white satin bow is perched jauntily on the toe, one end of the ribbon hidden inside the slipper under the confetti. During the dessert course, after many guesses and much laughter have been expended

on the identities of the engaged couple, the hostess will set the example by picking up her slipper and pulling the ribbon. Out will come a wee white roll of thin paper, tied to the ribbon's end, and as the other guests make haste to pull their own ribbons and unroll the messages contained in the slipper, the names of the engaged couple together with the date of the wedding (if set yet) will come to light.

The luncheon menu should carry out the green and white color scheme, beginning with bouillon cups of cream of lettuce soup, with a puff of whipped cream on top. Small soda biscuits cut with a heart-shaped cooky cutter, served smoking hot, split and buttered, are delicious with the soup. For the next course, the white meat of chicken, creamed à la King, with chopped parsley, green peppers stuffed with rice, and tiny French peas, make a most tempting combination to both the eye and the palate.

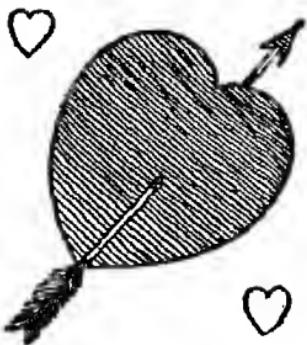
Cups of hot chocolate, topped with whipped cream, can be served in green and white cups; if you have a green and white set of china for the entire meal, so much the prettier.

The salad should be served in miniature crêpe paper pumpkins lined with waxed paper. Halves

of fresh Bartlett or alligator pears, from which the centers have been cut out to make room for two or three white grapes, are placed inside on a nest of tender lettuce. A plain French dressing or mayonnaise with whipped cream may be served with this salad. Educator crackers with a thin coating of cream cheese and grated pistachio nuts are served with the fruit salad.

If the caterer in your town can furnish individual slippers of vanilla and pistache ice cream, this will make a charming dessert. But if that is not possible a brick of the two kinds of ice cream will taste exactly as good and will carry out the color scheme. Serve small heart-shaped cup cakes covered with white icing.

Green and white crêpe paper slippers can be made to hold after-dinner mints, if your fingers are clever at that sort of work; or cunning green baskets can be contrived from the ordinary paper drinking cups by covering them with a frill of green paper and twisting narrow green ribbon over wire for handles.



A VALENTINE TEA

Gayly Celebrated in Colonial Fashion

Thirteen invitations were sent out, each one an old-fashioned, lace paper valentine, with this little verse written across the top:

*If you delight to masquerade,
Then dress in Grandmama's brocade,
Powder your hair and you will be
Prepared for my Colonial Tea.*

In one corner was added the date, and "Tea at seven o'clock."

The entire table top represented a huge valentine. Each place doily was a square of frilly white paper with a border of tiny red hearts, and a fortune-telling verse written across the center in red

ink. The better the hostess knows the girls, the cleverer can be these little jingles, of course.

In the middle of the table was a heart-shaped centerpiece of ferns and red carnations laid flat on the bare table, and upon this was a ring of fourteen wee china dolls, dressed in little puffed-out brocade, or fluffy tulle skirts of flowered rose, blue, and gold; the upper parts of their bodies were completely hidden by big red tissue paper hearts, through which their tiny, powdered heads peeped out. On each heart was written the name of one of the guests present.

In the middle of the circle a gay heap of valentines reposed on the fern centerpiece, and from each valentine a red ribbon stretched to one of the dolls, where it was fastened about her arm with a big bow.

A red carnation lay across each place doily, with a dainty, pearl-headed pin to fasten it to the guest's gown.

The table was lighted by red candles, in tall brass candlesticks, the shades being made of red cardboard, on which all sorts of cupids and hearts, bows and arrows (cut from old valentines) had been pasted as decorations.

The supper itself consisted of fried chicken,

Saratoga chips, hot beaten biscuit, coffee with thick cream, ending with smoking hot waffles, and grated maple sugar to spread over them.

Toward the end of the meal each girl reached for the doll-favor bearing her name, whereupon the valentine attached to it by the ribbon came also. Then the surprise was "out." For on each heart-shaped valentine was a pair of Colonial lovers, and underneath the hostess's name, and that of the man to whom she was announcing her engagement.

Fourteen men had been invited to come in after supper, the prospective bridegroom, of course, being among them, and an informal little dance followed. Later in the evening, strawberry ice-cream hearts, black coffee, and tiny squares of "wedding cake" were served.



AN "AT HOME" IN A CASTLE IN SPAIN

A Novel Announcement

Each invitation had a graceful sketch of a guitar in one corner, and in the other a wee golden key tied with a knot of red and yellow ribbon—the Spanish colors. Across the card were lettered in red and gold the following verses:

When the rush of the day is over at last,
All the hurry of work and play,
Won't you come for a trip to the land of Spain
Thousands of miles away?

I will welcome you there (I enclose the key
That will let you in, sun or rain),
For on Wednesday next, about six o'clock,
I'm "At Home" in my Castle in Spain.

On the reverse side of the card was the hostess's name and address: Anita Ward, 24 Lakeview Avenue. With curiosity highly excited by the novel invitation everybody promptly accepted, and we wasted no time in being fashionably late, either. As this was a winter party, at six o'clock it was of course dark outside, and that made Anita's cosy, fire-lighted drawing room seem doubly attractive and hospitable.

Around the big brick fireplace cushions were arranged on the floor in a semi-circle—plenty of them so each guest could curl up on two or three and be perfectly comfortable. The only lights in the room besides the fire were two red candles in tall, gleaming brass candlesticks, but it was quite bright enough to see each other and see to eat as well—for we soon discovered that this was to be a picnic supper by the fire.

At one side of the wide hearth was a be-ribboned guitar, and at the opposite side a mandolin.

Two younger sisters of Anita's dressed in gay

red and yellow as Spanish gypsies, with strings of red beads in their hair, now brought in a procession of trays with our supper—all kinds of sandwiches, hot breads, a salad, hot peppery croquettes, and chocolate to drink. When we had finished this course, individual ices, in the shape of little towers, were served with iced, homemade cakes which had outlines of castle towers and turrets etched on them in red icing, and were extremely pretty and appropriate.

And then Anita asked if we had all remembered to bring our golden keys with us, and finding we had, she passed around little cards, which she assured us were pictures of her castle.

Instead of a real castle, these bore clever little sketches of a cunning bungalow, with trees around it, and some home-like looking barnyard fowls walking about the front yard. The house itself was on an extra piece of cardboard, glued in place only at one end so it could be lifted by sticking the point of the key under a crack made in the doorway. Underneath was written.

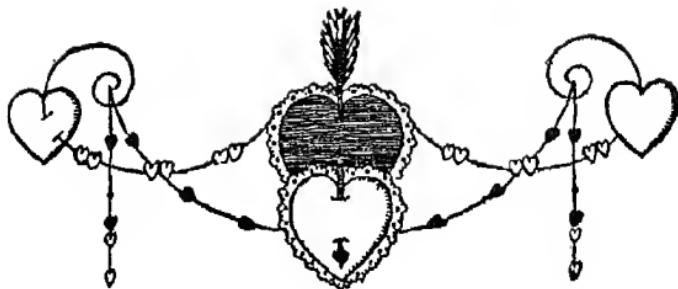
This castle will be occupied early in June by Mr. and Mrs. George Weir (née Anita Ward).

And from then on the conversation buzzed excitedly about one absorbing central topic; and we ate, laughed, talked and made delicious plans for the future there in the soft red firelight until the bell announced callers.

To our surprise in came the groom-to-be and about a dozen particular chums, upon which the candle-and-fire light was banished, the electric lights snapped on, the rugs snapped up, and the phonograph started.

Just before it was time to leave, more ices and cakes appeared, as well as black coffee, so the latest comers should not be sent home hungry.

Our visit to Spain was voted a great success, and one well worth repeating.



LAVENDER AND OLD LACE

An Announcement

We always loved to go to parties in the old white Colonial house on Elm Street where Virginia lived with her stately, white-haired, pink-cheeked grandmother. So when the June Virginia was twenty-one and had just returned from a long visit in a distant city, we girls received cards of invitation sent out in her grandmother's name, for an old-fashioned tea party, we disregarded any other plans we might have had on foot, and accepted enthusiastically.

We would have gone just because of the invitations if for no other reason. The cards were pale lavender, with a tiny, hand-painted, formal bouquet of old-timey garden flowers in one corner. A scrap of soft, yellowed lace was frilled about the flowers, where it was held in place with a bow of

narrow lavender ribbon. Under Grandmother Greenway's name was written in her fine copper-plate hand:

On Tuesday next about half-past three,
I'm going back fifty years for tea;
And Virginia's friends I would like to show
The girls their grandmothers used to know.

Virginia opened the door for us, and we all cried out excitedly at the sight of her. She was dressed in the costume of half a century ago, be-flowered pink dress, soft ruffled lace about her throat and a rose in her hair.

She made us a stately curtsey, and taking all our comments and exclamations quite as a matter of course, led us upstairs to the big dusky garret where we had played with her so often as little girls. Here a long, old-fashioned cedar box stood temptingly open, and in it we caught glimpses of silks and laces similar to those Virginia was wearing.

In the chest were all the frocks and wraps of Grandmother Greenway's girlhood, made of such wonderful old silks and velvets, and packed away with such exquisite care that the many years which had passed since they were last worn, had not injured them. (In duplicating this tea, Grand-

mother might borrow from her friends, if she has not enough old gowns for the party, or, the "dressing-up" might be omitted altogether.)

To our delight we were now each invited to choose a costume that fitted us and "dress up" immediately. The attic had been lighted with tall wax candles, and the old mahogany pier mirror had been brought up from Grandmother Greenway's own room, and set up in a corner for us to see ourselves in.

Half an hour or more later (we simply *couldn't* hurry over the fascinating game) a dignified, but very excited and splendid company trooped down the stairs behind Virginia and was ushered into the candle-lighted drawing-room where our hostess was waiting to receive us.

Beside her a dainty tea table was set out, with a big bowl of heliotrope and mignonette in the center, and a wee sprig of the former was tied to each cup-handle with a lavender bow. A second table was drawn up on Grandmother's other side, and on it was set out an alluring array of boxes in various sizes and colors. These contained interesting and beautiful old treasures of Grandmother's younger days, each one a souvenir of some well-remembered occasion in that by-gone time.

While Virginia poured tea, and passed the plates of steaming, buttered biscuits and homemade, iced cakes, we were allowed to rummage through these boxes to our hearts' content, and each pick out one article in turn, to have Grandmother tell us its story.

If you could only have seen the dear old lady's pleasure in our interest, and the tender pride she took in recalling the incidents connected with that long-ago time, you couldn't have helped knowing that she was enjoying her own party quite as much as her young guests did.

Grandmother had done interesting things in her life, and met interesting people. As the stories proceeded, we looked at her with new eyes of respect and wonder, each of us speculating secretly whether we could ever compel that same feeling in our grandchildren some day, and rather doubting it, I am afraid.

Tea was almost over when one of the girls happened upon a tiny package we hadn't noticed before, under all the others. It was tied up with a sprig of heliotrope and lavender ribbon under which a slip of paper had been tucked, reading, in Grandmother's own hand, "The sweetest romance of them all."

Of course we opened it promptly, and inside there was an old gold-and-blue-enamelled locket. There were two faces in the locket, but instead of the old-fashioned pictures we expected, there were two very modern snap-shots, of Virginia herself, and an unknown young man. Virginia's blushes, when we looked up suspiciously did the rest, and the "cat was out of the bag" as the saying goes, with a vengeance. Of course our interest in old love stories gave place at once to a lively excitement over Virginia's, and we stayed so late asking questions and begging for all the details, from beginning to happy ending, that Grandmother Greenway nearly had to keep us all to supper as well as tea. But we finally did remember to go home, each being presented as we left, with a posy of heliotrope and mignonette tied with lavender ribbons and a frill of old lace such as grandmother used to carry.



A GYPSY ANNOUNCEMENT SUPPER

For Late Spring or Summer

Let your daughter ask her young friends to come in gypsy costume. Choose a room that possesses an open fireplace, and move the furniture back against the walls. Heap piles of gayly colored cushions on the floor near the hearth, and bank the fireplace itself with green boughs and—if it is spring—with masses of cherry or apple blossoms. If the party is given in summer, any wild flower that is in season—golden rod, asters, daisies—or cultivated flowers, if you are fortunate enough to possess a garden, will make admirable substitutes.

Supper is a picnic affair, served in huge market baskets filled to the bursting-point with good things: Sandwiches, a homemade layer cake, crul-

lers, hard boiled and deviled eggs (each wrapped neatly in waxed paper), and individual salads in scooped-out apples or oranges, also wrapped in waxed paper. On the opposite side of the hearth set a big stone jug of sweet cider, or of cold fruit-ade, and at the end of the picnic meal bring in a steaming tin coffee pot such as one would use at a genuine outdoors picnic, cups, saucers, and a toy wooden bucket filled with real cream.

After everyone has eaten all they can, there will come a sudden, sharp rapping on the front door, and either you or your daughter should go to admit the over-urgent visitor. Returning, you will usher in a bent old gypsy crone (a member of the family, or some friend who is clever at impersonations). You then tell your surprised guests that the old crone declared she had seen (by her powers of second sight) the light of their Romany camp fire, even through the thick walls of the house, and had stopped in to read their various fortunes.

After studying each guest's hand in silence, shaking her head and muttering inaudibly, the sibyl goes over to the fireplace, and pretending to poke around among the greens and blossoms, finally pulls forth as many colored ribbons as there are gipsies present: red for the men, yellow

for the girls, and a white ribbon for the bride-elect. She lays an end of ribbon in each guest's hand, and after this ceremony—but still without having spoken a word,—she turns and goes out the door to doff her masquerade attire, and return in her real character to witness the fun of the “announcement.”

Of course the guests each pull their ribbons, and out of the flower-filled fireplace, come small red and yellow boxes. These contain cards to match the ribbons, on each of which is written the following jingle:

In the group around this fire
Cupid's darts have lighted;
As a happy consequence
Lovers' vows were plighted.
But lest curiosity
Trouble you if unassuaged—
Here's the latest bit of news:
John and Mary are engaged!

(Of course for “John” and “Mary” the real names of the happy pair are substituted.)

On “Mary's” card there will be simply two hearts with the date of the wedding below; and “John's” card will be identical with hers.

In the guests' boxes, under the cards, will be

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favors—dainty colored handkerchiefs for the girls, and pocket memorandum books or cigarettes for the men. In the bride-elect's box, under her card, should be a ring box containing the new engagement ring, which can then be slipped on, and worn openly for the first time.

SHOWERS



THE SHOWER THAT LASTED A YEAR

Yet Nobody Grumbled

DID you ever hear of a shower lasting a year? And yet I know of a pretty little bride who declared that such a shower was the biggest help to her new housekeeping that could have been devised, besides being the best of fun while it lasted.

It was after more than half of our graduating class were either already married, or had announced their engagements, and we were just about getting to the end of our repertoire of original showers for brides.

So when Mildred sprang her engagement on us, we were "stumped" for a while. And then somebody, or perhaps it was all of us together, thought up this particular shower, planning it out a little bit at a time.

The season happened, fortunately, to be early in June, and we chose as hostess the girl who possessed the loveliest old-fashioned garden. We got her to call Mildred up on the telephone very

casually, and invite her to tea, not mentioning that any of the rest of us were to be there also, as the surprise is the most important part of a shower.

Of course we all planned to arrive before the guest of honor, and when our hostess brought her out to us in the garden this is what she saw.

On the grass plot at one side of the garden itself, were ranged twelve parasols and umbrellas—open, and with their handles sticking firmly in the ground to hold them in an upright position. There were big umbrellas, and little umbrellas just the right size for children; and parasols ranging from brightest red to sober black for real storms, besides one gay Japanese parasol that had been a happy after-thought. Beside each umbrella-tent one of us was sitting, and in the shade it cast, was our special gift for the shower.

Then, all talking at once, we informed her that this was a most superior and different shower we were giving her, one that would "shower" for every month of her first married year.

We told her to choose the umbrellas at random, but she must guess what month the package under it represented before we would allow her to open it, or proceed to the next one.

Here is the list of what was under each umbrella:

January was a pretty leather desk set, but it was wrapped with the little leather changeable calendar outside the package, and the whole was tied up with silver ribbons, and strings of gay New Year bells.

February contained twelve jars of homemade cherry preserves to stock the new store closet, and they were tied up, unmistakably, with red ribbons, a bunch of cherries, and a toy hatchet.

March showed a slim white tissue paper package tied with bright green ribbons, into the knot of which had been twisted a wee cluster of Irish shamrocks. Inside, there was a dainty chiffon scarf of shamrock green, Mildred's favorite color.

April was represented by an Easter bunny, unwrapped, carrying a basket of colored Easter eggs over one fat paw. Under the eggs there proved to be a little jeweler's box, containing a pair of gold shoulder clasps.

May was a green-stained garden basket, apparently full of dozens of packages of flower and vegetable seeds, but the corner of a tissue paper bundle stuck up at one end, and drove the little bride wild with suspense until she had guessed correctly. Then she was allowed to unroll a love of a dull-pink gardening smock.

June presented another garden basket of different shape, full of summer roses of all colors, and it also proved to hold buried treasure—six dainty rosebud cups and saucers for the new tea table.

July displayed six dangerous looking red fire-crackers standing in a row, but upon investigation these turned out to be harmless, hollow shams, bought at a candy store, but each containing instead of bonbons, a little silver tea spoon to go with the rosebud cups and saucers.

August alone showed nothing underneath the parasol, but upon looking closer the bride noticed that this parasol was brand new, of ruffled silk, and exactly matched the shaded pastel-blue of a very special summer hat in her trousseau. So it wasn't hard to guess that in this case the parasol itself was part of the shower.

September showed a business-like looking Labor Day package, tied up stoutly with red cord instead of ribbon, and ornamented with toy shovels, hoes, rakes, and even a miniature wheel barrow. Inside, however, it made up for its masculine exterior by being an eminently girlish and adorable work basket, perfectly fitted out with everything to make sewing a light and pleasant labor for at least a year to come.

October, of course, had to refer in some way to Hallowe'en, and yet it was also the most practical and the funniest contribution of the year. It was nothing more or less than a collection of all the new brooms, whisk brooms, and floor brushes the new housekeeper would need for cleaning her house from cellar to garret. On all these brush and broom handles were perched tiny, awe-inspiring Hallowe'en witches of various sizes, which in turn were discovered to be pen-wipers, paper weights and stands to keep doors from blowing.

November was guessed by a luscious-looking pumpkin pie, with a knife in it. Of course on being cut, it displayed its true (or rather its false) nature, and was merely a clever paper receptacle for holding a lovely hand-embroidered tea cloth.

The *December* umbrella shaded a gay red Christmas stocking, out of the top of which peered a jolly little Santa Claus, and the ends of red-ribboned packages—twelve in all were discovered when the stocking was emptied. These were dainty tea napkins, embroidered in the same design as the cloth, and beautifully completing the appointments of the little bride's tea table.

After everything had been carefully examined and exclaimed over, we went into the garden where,

under a pretty, shady rose arbor, tea was served and a graceful bouquet of pink and crimson roses given to each guest to take home with her as a souvenir of a novel and very-much-enjoyed occasion.



A SHOWER OF NIGHTGOWNS

*Which Rained Down on a Surprised Bride in a
Quite Unexpected Fashion*

Helen announced her engagement just at the end of winter, and at once her particular chums put their heads together, and planned a novel sort of shower for her, before she should have had time to start buying her trousseau.

They contrived matters so that Helen, whose pretty head was in a whirl anyhow, had no suspicion that anything special was intended. One of the girls called her up, and invited her to come on a certain evening, only two or three days off, prepared to spend the night, and talk at length all about the Great Event. The young hostess added carelessly that a few of their little coterie were coming also, as they were all keen to hear "every single detail of just how *It* happened."

So Helen packed a small overnight bag, and arrived just before suppertime at Mary's doorstep, to find to her surprise that there were eight of her very best cronies there ahead of her, each likewise armed with a small overnight bag, and each prepared to talk all night if Helen wished.

"Take off your wraps up in my room, and leave your bags on the window seat—we'll unpack them when we're ready to go to bed," Mary instructed them. "Then hurry down, because we're going to cook a gypsy supper before the fire here, and gossip while we cook and eat."

Helen wondered aloud, as they all trooped upstairs and then down again, where Mary planned to stow such an influx of visitors overnight in her not-too-large house, but nobody else seemed worried over the prospect, declaring some of them could sleep on the floor, rolled up in comfortables, if necessary.

When they returned to the living room, Mary had spread an old-fashioned red-checked tablecloth on the hearth, and set eight comfortable piles of cushions in a semi-circle about it. Behind the cushions was a card table, on which the necessary ingredients for cooking, plates, silver, napkins, etc., were set out ready for use.

Though this was early spring, the evenings were still cool enough to make an open fire comfortable, and this fire had been lighted long enough beforehand to allow of its dying down to a splendid bed of coals, just right for cooking. Over this bed of coals, Mary had set a camp-grill on iron legs, and with this as a stove, she proceeded to start a big saucepan of milk to heat for making chocolate to drink. She assigned one of the girls to watch this, another to toast English muffins on a long-handled camping-fork; a third to roast ten rosy apples, two at a time, on strings hung from the mantel above. Mary herself fried crisp little pink sausages in a frying pan, and then scrambled a golden bowl of beaten-up eggs to go with them.

On the table back of them was a big chocolate layer cake to eat with the roasted apples, for dessert; and in the cake there proved to be fortunetelling trinkets which made a good deal of fun when they came to light in several of the girls' slices. (These were a silver wedding ring; a silver thimble for the old maid; lucky coin; four-leaf-clover charm, etc.)

Cooking the supper took quite a while, and eating it still longer—they all had so much to chatter about. And finally, when everything had been

cleared away (they all insisted on helping wash the dishes, since they couldn't be separated and stop talking for anything), about the time when they would all ordinarily have gone home, they went upstairs to Mary's room, and unpacked their little overnight bags, laying the contents out, with affected carelessness, on Mary's bed.

And speaking of the contents of those bags, you should have been there to see the little bride-elect's eyes open wider and wider as six exquisite silk or crêpe de chine night gowns came out of six bags, and were tossed lightly on the bed, ready for their owners to put on later. The seventh and eighth bags seemed to contain no nightgowns, but disgorged, instead, a peach colored silk crêpe negligee, and a pair of peach-colored silken mules to match, embroidered in powder blue.

"I had no idea you were all going to be so dressy," Helen said, amazed. "I only brought an old—" She broke off to stare, almost open-mouthed, as she beheld the eight guests all putting on their hats and coats, instead of undressing for bed. And then, at the sight of their laughter, the truth dawned on the little bride-to-be, and she fell on all their necks in turn, and hugged the lovely silky gifts to her, and was so perilously divided

between laughter and happy tears that for a time no one—least of all herself—knew which would win.

"I never saw a shower that was such a complete surprise," one of the girls declared in a tone of satisfaction, on leaving. And that, of course, is the principal object with showers.



A RECIPE SHOWER AND LUNCHEON

Given for a Bride by her Mother's Old Friends

Every dish, from the bouillon to the coffee, was prepared according to some favorite and tested recipe at a recent shower luncheon given a bride-elect by eight of her mother's friends. The color scheme was rose and white—white for the bride, of course, and rose for happiness.

In the center of the table was an enormous Jack Horner pie, made of a round wicker market-basket, the sides of which had been pasted over with rose and white striped paper. The top of the pie was crêpe paper divided into eight wedgelike sections, each piece rose and white alternately. From a tiny hole in the paper of each section a narrow rose colored ribbon stretched to each guest's place card of white cardboard, upon which was

painted in rose lettering, the latter's name and the date.

As the meal progressed the bride-to-be happened to turn over her place card, and was surprised to find the recipe for the bouillon. After that, of course, she had to examine all the cards, and the recipe for every dish of the entire meal was found on one card or another.

The other guests handed theirs over to the bride-elect, who then, at the hostess's suggestion, pulled the "plums" from the pie. They came out with a great clatter and proved to be the kitchen utensils necessary for cooking the various dishes on the menu.

The hostess's ribbon drew forth a white oilcloth cover, just the size of the place cards, which were collected, inserted in their right order, and tied with a rose-colored cord and tassels.



A BASKET SHOWER

That Was Full of Surprises

A little while after Alice had announced her engagement seven of us, who considered ourselves her special chums, planned the following luncheon and shower for her.

We each volunteered to supply one course of the luncheon, and to prevent duplication we made a list then and there, and decided who should bring the bouillon, salad, etc. Beyond that, the actual viands were to be a surprise to everyone but the hostess of that particular course.

We chose Peggy's big vine-shaded veranda, as the pleasantest spot to hold the shower, and got Peggy to invite Alice to come to lunch with her sewing bag and spend a quiet day.

When the latter arrived, she found us all cosily settled in a big circle on the piazza around a green wicker porch table, on which stood six flower-decked market or garden baskets, of various sizes.

In the first were half a dozen little baskets of white wicker, containing salted nuts, olives, stuffed dates and cream peppermints. These were set out on the table for us to help ourselves from, at the proper courses. A pair of cunning silver filagree bonbon spoons was tied to the basket which held the peppermints, with a white bow and card "From Jane."

The second hamper contained a tray of eight little grape-fruit baskets, icy cold (they had been kept in Peggy's refrigerator until the very last minute) filled with sections of grape-fruit, orange and chopped white grapes, with a snowy mound of powdered sugar and a maraschino cherry on top. The baskets had been made by scooping out carefully the fruit from each half of the rind, and the handles were narrow strips of angelica. When these little baskets had all been passed around there was found to be something else left in the hamper. This was a square, be-ribboned and tissue-paper affair, with a card of affectionate greeting addressed to the bride, and contained, of course, something for the shower—in this case a very pretty embroidered lunch cloth.

The third basket produced a big thermos bottle of clear chicken bouillon, a box of educator crack-

ers, and eight dainty white and gold bouillon cups — which latter proved to be for the new home, and delighted the little bride-to-be beyond words.

The fourth course did not come in a basket, as this was the hostess's course. She disappeared in the house for a moment to return in triumph with a brand new lighted chafing-dish containing chicken à la king. Attached to one of the legs was Peggy's card. How the bride loved that gift! She fairly squealed, and a prettily bound book of one hundred chafing-dish recipes which went with it, filled her cup of happiness to the brimming-over point.

One of the other market baskets was opened with this course and was found to contain a plate of thin heart-shaped bread and butter sandwiches, carefully wrapped in oiled paper so that they were as fresh and delicious as if they had been made that minute, and another thermos bottle filled with a delectable fruit-ade. This thermos bottle was afterward presented to the guest of honor.

The next basket gave us eight individual stuffed tomato salads, a little round Edam cheese, a box of saltine crackers *and* the gift for the bride—a love of a wee silver cheese scoop.

The last basket held eight little strawberry tarts,

made in heart shapes. We wondered why eight little tarts had had to be packed in such an enormous basket, but when the bride was told to peep in and solve the mystery, she began to laugh and pulled out all kinds of new and shining kitchen implements needed in the art of pie-making.

Our hostess's mother now came out with a tray of eight little demi-tasses. She declared this was her course, though she had not been invited to the party, and ended by presenting the happy and excited bride with the lovely round mahogany tray on which she had carried the cups. This ended the surprises.



A MAY BASKET TEA

For a June Bride

The sweet old May Day custom of hanging baskets filled with the first spring flowers on your friend's doors, was charmingly utilized by a neighbor of mine last year in giving a shower for a girl who was to be married early in June.

She talked over the plan with the guests beforehand, and we decided to give personal things for the bride's dressing-table, as we knew she hadn't received anything in the line of toilet articles yet.

The May morning of the shower we each prepared the daintiest basket we could arrange, filled with wild flowers, apple blossoms and early lilacs.

To the handle was tied a card bearing the bride's name, and at the bottom of each basket, hidden by the flowers, was the gift itself, wrapped in tissue paper and tied with narrow flowered ribbon.

The bride-elect was invited to tea at four o'clock, and at ten minutes past the hour we all assembled outside the hostess's door, stifling our giggles as best we could, while we hung the gay baskets to the knocker, the door knob, even the bell handle, and set the remainder in rows on the mat.

Then somebody rang the bell and we slipped away helter-skelter, to a side entrance where the hostess's sister was waiting to let us in.

On hearing the bell, the hostess made some excuse to send the bride-elect to open the door, and of course she fairly stumbled into a garden of May baskets, all addressed to her. Then the fun began as we crowded into the doorway beyond her and watched her search the blossoms for the gifts hidden beneath.

As far as possible, everything about the refreshments suggested flowers, the slices of lemon for the tea were cut with flower edges, the green and white lettuce sandwiches were cut with flower-shaped cooky cutters in a variety of pretty styles and the little white cakes were iced with gay futur-

ist blossoms in bright pink and orange shapes. Last of all, dainty little miniature May baskets held thin rose-petal candies at the four corners of the tea-table.

There were two newly-married girls in the group, and after tea they started an amusing game they called "An Entrance Examination into Matrimony." This consisted of asking the bride-to-be all sorts of absurd questions as to what she would do in various emergencies. Her answers were solemnly written down, corrected, and returned to her amid shrieks of laughter from the rest of us.



INTRODUCING A "PINATA" SHOWER

That Came from Old Mexico

We were all lamenting one day, because we wanted to think up a brand new kind of bride's shower for one of our little group, and couldn't, no matter how hard we cudgeled our poor brains to find such a thing.

Then suddenly Mariette, who had lived several years in Mexico as a little girl, jumped to her feet and clapped her hands as if she were ten years old again.

"I have it! Just the very thing," she cried exultingly. "And *absolutely* new. I don't believe it's ever been done before, and it will be heaps of fun, too."

We fell on her immediately, and demanded the plan.

"Do you know what a piñata is?" she asked

tantalizingly. We didn't, of course. We had never even heard of one. But it developed, upon explanation, that it was part of an old Mexican Christmas custom.

"They're funny paper figures, piñatas," Mariette condescended to explain, "about four feet high, that dangle by the head or neck from a long rod. They're made of paper, as I said, over a light oblong jar which forms the body and holds the Christmas gifts. Some of them look like huge paper dolls, gorgeously dressed up for the occasion, and some are in the shapes of queer looking animals, clowns, dancing girls, etc.

"They're sold in the squares, and on the street corners in Mexico for weeks before Christmas comes, and old and young, rich and poor buy them. The figures are filled with confetti, gifts, candies, and so on, and on Christmas Eve the family gathers excitedly about the dangling piñata, and one of them is blind-folded and given a long stick. After some amusing failures, the piñata is struck, and the gifts rain down. Now, my idea," continued Mariette, "is to adapt the piñata to a shower of pretty trousseau things instead of Christmas gifts."

We were all enthusiastic, and began to plan at once.

After a little struggling over constructing the piñata, we decided to make a big white-and-silver wedding bell instead of a figure. It was easier, and fitted the occasion better besides.

Of course, we took care that none of the gifts should be breakable, and they were all done up securely in several layers of tissue paper, and tied with silver ribbon and wee wedding bells.

When the day came and we led the bride-to-be in front of that mysterious, bulging bell, and gave her a long, silver-papered cane to hit with, her eyes almost popped out of their sockets with amazement and curiosity.

"What does it *mean?*'' she insisted when we started to blindfold her.

So we told her in chorus that anything she succeeded in knocking out of the bell was hers to keep. Then we twisted her about, and about till she was fairly dizzy; faced her toward the bell, and counted solemnly, "One—two—three—*Go!*!"

She was so excited by this time, and lunged out so wildly with the cane that frequently we had to dodge in a hurry to avoid substituting our heads for the piñata, but at last the cane and bell met, and a thrilling rain of gifts fell all about the bride—a real shower in both senses of the word.

When tea-time came, the table was gay with little white-and-silver wedding bells—a whole pile of them, filled with wee cream peppermints, a bell for each guest as a souvenir of the party.

The sandwiches were of white bread and were cut in bell shapes of various sizes. There was a big white-iced bride cake, too, with the prospective bride's and groom's initials on it in silver icing, and baked with all the time-honored charms—a ring, thimble, piece of silver, and tiny silver horse-shoe for luck, and of course the bride-elect had to cut her cake first—also for luck.



THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM

A Harvest Home Shower

For the autumn bride nothing can be prettier or more appropriate than a "Harvest Home Shower."

Ask your guests to come to tea on a certain afternoon, and to send you the day before "Something for Mary's trousseau." When they arrive on the appointed afternoon, the bride-to-be is, of course, the only one who has no inkling of a surprise in store.

Soon after they are all seated cozily before a big log fire, the doorbell rings (you can get one of your family to see to this), and you, yourself, going out presumably to greet a late arrival, will reappear staggering under a huge market basket that overflows with colorful vegetables and fruit. This you must place before the bride-elect, declaring it has just been delivered at the front door for her, as the first contribution to the larder of the new home.

However, investigation will prove the basket's

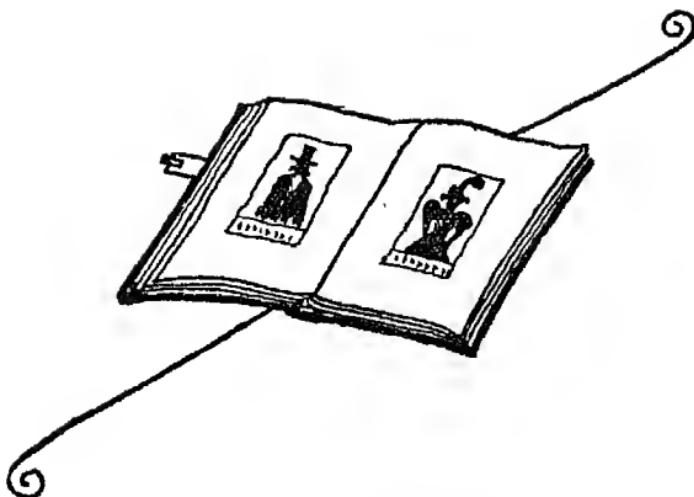
contents quite otherwise than they seem. The big pumpkin at the bottom has been hollowed out (like a jack-o'-lantern), lined with waxed paper, and the top fitted back into place. It is packed with several orange tissue-paper bundles, each holding a pretty piece of lingerie, and the donor's card. Six ears of corn have had the ears removed from the husks, a slim, tissue-paper package substituted in each, and the husk drawn over it and tied together at the end with corn silk.

A bottle-necked squash has been cut in two, the larger end scooped out, and lined with waxed paper. In this hollow, is of course, another gift for the trousseau. The neck of the squash has been reattached with yellow sealing wax. Several big red apples have been similarly treated, and in each hides a gay, colorful handkerchief. The basket itself is of green wicker, and provides a charming wood basket for the bride's new hearth.

For tea, individual fruit salads are served in scooped-out, rosy-checked apples, and with them thick slices of white bread that have been cut into vegetable shapes, dipped in melted cheese and toasted. Lemons for the orange pekoe tea have been sliced thin, and pressed back into their original shapes. They are laid on a mat of fresh green

leaves, on a flat glass dish. Small cup-cakes, iced in futuristic-looking vegetable designs, are passed in a second scooped-out pumpkin, and tiny vegetable candies look realistic and tempting in toy market baskets on the tea table.

I am sure you will find your "Harvest Home Shower" a delightful surprise for a very jolly afternoon.



A MUCH-ADVERTISED SHOWER

Combining Surprises, Fun and Originality

This was quite a different shower, in that both men and girls—friends of Mary's and her fiancé's—were invited.

It was planned on the spur of the moment, as the idea came to me, and I called the guests up on the telephone to make the matter still more informal. Each man and girl was asked to send me, the day before the party, some article widely advertised in the magazines or newspaper, to stock the bride's new kitchen cupboard. With it was to be a card on which the advertisement in question had been pasted—but with the printing cut carefully away.

The prospective bride and groom, of course, only knew that they were invited to meet some of their old friends for one of the jolly song-and-stunt evenings our little group was fond of getting up.

The advertisement-cards were numbered and hung in conspicuous positions about the living-room, and each guest upon entering was given a tally card and pencil. The tallies were numbered to correspond with the ads on the walls.

Everyone now formed a big circle, holding hands, and one of the number was given a postman's whistle and appointed timekeeper. When the whistle blew two short, shrill blasts we all began a grand chain around the room, and at one note we stopped wherever we chanced to be, and each tried to guess the card nearest him. It was entirely up to the timekeeper how long we had for this, and there was a unanimous complaint that he had a most tantalizing way of keeping us an unnecessarily long time before the easy ones, and moving us on after a fraction of a second or so when we found ourselves confronted with a specially hard riddle to guess.

Of course we were bound to recognize our own cards, so each of us was sure of at least one correct

guess on the list, but as we were all equal in that respect it worked out fairly for everybody.

At length the timekeeper blew for a halt, and directed us to form a procession—managing it so that the bride was at the head of the line. Then he sent the procession down to the other end of the room where, behind a screen, was a big table with the cupboard “shower” on display. The cat was out of the bag now, and you never saw such a proud and pleased little housekeeper-to-be as Mary when she realized that all this bewildering array was for her very own new store-closet.

A first, second and booby prize were given for the two best and the worst set of answers to the contest. These were a fountain pen of a famous make, a box of chocolates equally well known, and for the booby a pair of spectacles, bought at the ten-cent store, that the winner might be enabled to observe more clearly next time.

After this we had an interval of singing, and serenaded the bride and groom with the most sentimental collection we could achieve and then games were in order. Among these we had a puzzle-fitting contest as follows: The guests were divided into sides, and a captain appointed for each. Two well

known ads were taken from the inside covers of magazines (we used these because the paper is stiffer) and after holding them up for a full minute so everyone present could become familiar with them, the two captains carefully cut each ad into twenty small pieces to correspond with the number of guests. These forty pieces were then mixed and each guest received two. The contest was to see which side could reconstruct a whole advertisement first.

When a contestant found that one of his pieces did not fit the puzzle his side was working over, he endeavored to exchange with an opponent. The fun came in these exchanges, most of all, for everyone was mightily afraid to part with either piece, fearing that possibly he would later find both were needed, after all, and a good deal of protesting, re-exchanging, and shouts of laughter over the weird pictures we succeeded in evolving resulted.

Another game was a sort of variation upon the old one of pinning the donkey's tail in place, blindfolded. This, too, was played with advertisements. I had cut out the largest ad I could find of the old woman chasing dirt with a stick. This I had pasted on a big sheet of cardboard, first cutting off the stick and making separate sticks the same

size out of cardboard to act as the "donkey's tail."

The contest was, of course, to see who could come nearest, blindfolded, to putting the stick back into the little old woman's hand. The first prize for the successful winner of this contest was a package of the advertised article itself, and the consolation prize was an imitation "stick," labeled "Can you beat it?"

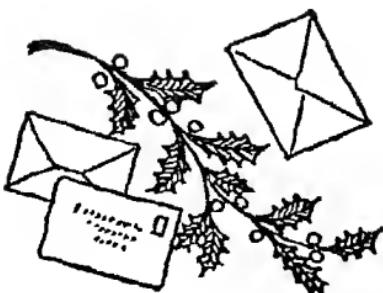
By this time we were hungry, and ready for supper, which was now announced, and we all trailed into the dining room. As there were so many guests, it was a buffet supper and the table was set as if for an old-fashioned high tea, with everything on it at once. So we sat in a big circle against the walls, and waited on each other, which made things much jollier altogether.

Everything on the table, from the big, steaming coffee pot to the blue plates of smoking, puffy biscuits, had an advertisement attached to it, representing the "brand" used.

There were four tall candlesticks at the corners of the table, shaded by gay, futurist-looking shades made of colored full-page ads from popular magazines. These shades were not only highly novel, but exceedingly pretty as well, for the light glowed

softly through the bright colors, toning down their garishness to just the proper warmth to add an extra touch of festivity to the occasion.

The center decoration on the supper table was a low bowl of clever, artificial orange blossoms to give the wedding atmosphere—one spray of the blossoms for each guest. (By the way, these also bore a card declaring they had been picked from a certain much-advertised brand of orange trees.) After supper everyone was asked to pull out a sprig of blossoms to wear, and a surprise was sprung when a tiny white-ribboned package was found tied to the end of every stem. To carry out the spirit of the whole occasion, these were little "samples" of all sorts of things sent out by advertisers—such as face powder, perfume, soap, things to eat, flower seeds, stationery, and so on. These made a lot of fun and were immensely appreciated by everyone, especially as clever jingles of advice went with each one.



HER CHRISTMAS MAIL

A Shower to Give in the Holiday Season

Genevieve was to be married in January so in the week between Christmas and New Year's Day one of her special chums gave a novel little "personal" shower for her.

Usually one thinks of weddings being in the spring and early summer, but a winter wedding can be charming, particularly if it is near enough to Christmas to use the evergreen and holly decorations.

For this shower our hostess had bought a number of little toy mail-boxes, such as candy stores sell for favors, and she had them cleverly copied in larger sizes, using square boxes, covering them with silver paper, and lettering each with the name of

one of the guests to look like the rural free delivery boxes one sees in the country.

The gifts, wrapped to look like parcel-post packages, tied, addressed and even stamped, were placed in the boxes—each gift, of course, in the box bearing the giver's name; and the boxes were then hidden about the rooms on the first floor. With each package was a slip directing the "mail carrier" where to look for the next stop. These directions were purposely confusing, so the supposed postman had to do a good deal of guessing before locating each mail-box.

Each girl, as she arrived, was given a penny postman's whistle, and we then marched into the big library, where the "postal route" began.

Here a tall screen was set up across one corner of the room. This screen was made of a clothes horse, covered with heavy brown builder's paper with a square window cut in it, and plastered over with notices, such as one finds in country post-offices. These were all amusing little personal "hits" at the various guests, and caused a good deal of fun as we took turns in reading them aloud, and pointing a moral as we read.

Then we started the bride on her collecting rounds, telling her to be sure to visit every mail-

box along the route to pick up the Christmas mail. We guided her with shrill blasts on the whistles, when she was "warm," dying down to funny little protesting squeaks when she got off the scent.

The gifts were all personal things for her trousseau, dainty crêpe de chine step-ins, hand-embroidered lingerie, handkerchiefs, bolts of ribbon, a boudoir cap, etc. Then our hostess invited us to tea in the post-office, and moving the screen at the end of the room, disclosed the tea table already set, in a delightfully original fashion.

In place of a tea cloth, there was a flat mat of holly, covering the entire top of the table, and for a centerpiece, a small doll dressed as a mail carrier with a bulging mail pouch slung over his shoulder. The little postman was thickly sprinkled with snow-dust, and was standing knee-deep in a huge cotton-wool drift (also powdered with the glittering particles to make it look more real).

There were piles of thin white sandwiches on the table, cut in the shape of tiny card envelopes, and bearing in the right-hand corner a wee red stamp (of sliced pimiento).

At the first glance they looked exactly like piles of mail ready to be distributed. The cakes were homemade cookies decorated cleverly in red icing

to look like Christmas cards, and the candies and salted nuts were served in tiny brown mail sacks.

After tea our hostess emptied the contents of the postman's pouch, and there tumbled out a dozen mites of red-ribboned packages, one addressed to each guest. These contained the smallest articles our hostess had been able to find for souvenirs of the occasion; silver thimbles, little red emeries, fruit "waxes," a silver bodkin, a string of gay beads, a change purse to slip in one's glove and so on down the list of twelve. For the bride there was a tiny, heart-shaped locket to put her fiancé's photograph in and wear next her heart.



A "BABY PARTY"

That Was Also a Shower

A group of busy business girls and young married women, who were all housekeepers and had very little time to plan anything elaborate, gave a charming "shower" for a friend who was going to have her first baby. They had discussed various ways and means, but everything they thought of involved so much preparation and planning, that they hesitated to undertake it.

Then one of them had a bright idea, but she refused to divulge it until the day of the shower arrived.

"You might as well all be surprised," she announced. "Trust little Kathie. It'll be a surprise, all right. And not a bit of trouble, either. We'll meet at my house for tea, about four, and

each of you slip your gift to me at the door as you come in. Have it wrapped in tissue paper and *pink* ribbons—for a girl, you know—and I'll do the rest."

She did, too, and it was thoroughly satisfactory to all the little group, as well as to the excited little guest of honor, who had not suspected any surprise in store when she was called up by Kathleen, and invited casually to "drop in for tea, on Wednesday, about quarter-past four."

Asking the guest of honor fifteen minutes later than the others, gave them a chance to hand the hostess their gifts without being seen.

When everyone had arrived, they sat about a cosy open fire in the living room, and chatted for a while. Then Kathleen led the talk to the subject of babies.

Addressing the guest of honor, she said impulsively, "By the way, you didn't know we had a cunning one visiting us, did you? Wait a moment, all of you, I want you to see him!"

Ignoring the surprised queries of the guest of honor, as to whose baby it was, and what it was doing there, the hostess ran out of the room, to return a few seconds later holding with exaggerated care a pink-blanketed *something* which looked, from

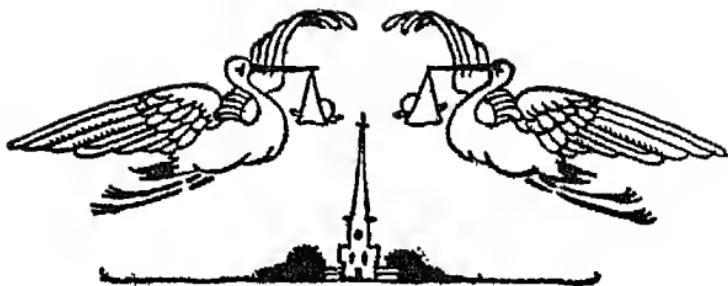
the general contours of the outer blanket, like quite a fat baby. At least it was a large armful for Kathleen to carry, and it was wrapped in the most dainty and utterly adorable pink knitted blanket, bound in pink satin ribbon, that any fastidious mother could choose. From one end of the blanket a white embroidered baby pillow showed, and as the guests jumped to their feet and crowded close, Kathleen made a great play of guarding "her" precious little head as she lifted a corner of the blanket to give the expectant girls a peep.

Then everyone, the little guest of honor included—uttered squeaks, and "Oh's" of surprised and quick comprehension. For reposing on the lovely embroidered pillow in Kathleen's arms, and wrapped by the exquisite blanket, was—not a baby at all, but a pile of gaily be-ribboned packages. The blanket, of course, was Kathleen's own gift, and the pillow was from Kathleen's mother, who was the one person she had taken into her confidence about the "shower."

So blanket, pillow and packages were placed in the arms of the guest of honor, who was, by that time, divided between tears and giggles as she fell enthusiastically to opening the various surprises.

Then the tea wagon was wheeled in, with tea,

wafer-thin sandwiches and small, homemade, pink-iced cakes. There was also a charming bouquet of wee pink roses and the feathery, delicate white of babies' breath set in a low bowl among the tea things. This bouquet, of course, was presented to the guest of honor on her departure.



A STORK SHOWER

And Afternoon Tea

Ask your guests to tea on a certain afternoon, explaining that you are having a "stork shower" for Mrs. Blank, and asking each one to send you something for the new baby, the day before your tea.

Make it a "sit-down" tea in the dining room, asking only the number your table will seat—with perhaps a bit of crowding. Instead of the conventional tea cloth, spread a cover of real ferns, laid flat on the table, with here and there a wee pink rambler rose tucked into the ferns. As a centerpiece, have a stork's nest made of a round wicker basket, about which are woven vines and more of the rambler roses.

Buy a toy stork, small enough to perch on the edge of the basket-nest, and from his bill hang by a pink ribbon a card on which you have written the

name of the guest of honor. In the nest, wrapped in wadded white tissue paper packages—round to resemble eggs—are the gifts sent you the day before for the coming baby. Each is tied daintily with narrow white ribbons, and on an end of each ribbon is a small, oblong pink card with the donor's name and good wishes on it.

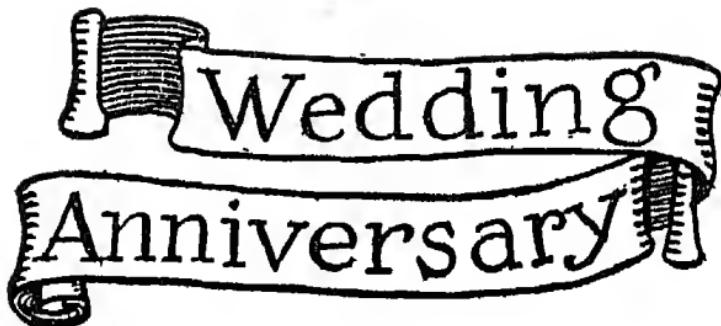
Tall pink candles, in candlesticks twined with greens, light the tea table, and charming shades can be made by the hostess with very little trouble, by simply cutting out colored illustrations of nursery rhymes from an inexpensive copy of *Mother Goose*, and pasting them on heavy, buff-colored parchment.

Individual place cards can also be made by pasting more of these Mother Goose illustrations on pink cards, and writing the guest's name below.

Pink and white sandwiches are made by using white bread, cut to wafer thinness, and filling them with a paste of pimiento cheese. Others may be filled with strawberry, or raspberry jam, and still carry out the color scheme. Tiny homemade cup cakes, iced in pink and white, and thin cream candies in the same colors will add a decorative note to the tea table.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

1st



Wedding
Anniversary

THE first anniversary is, of course, the Cotton Wedding, and this lends itself delightfully to all sorts of fun and amusing decorations.

For the most original Cotton Wedding I know of, the bride of a year sent out invitations on plain white correspondence cards, and in the upper right-hand corner of each were tied with white bows, small, round tufts of cotton that looked like miniature powder puffs. Under these puffs was printed the Roman numeral "I." Across the middle of the card was written "Mr. and Mrs. John Blake." In the lower right-hand corner was the address, and in the lower left-hand corner the date, hour, and this cryptic direction: "Wear your oldest clothes and an apron." (The "apron" direction was, of course, on the cards intended for

the feminine guests, while the men's cards substituted the word "overalls.")

There was nothing else on the cards to give the smallest hint as to the nature of the affair. Most of the guests, however, finally puzzled out the meaning of the fluff of cotton and the figure "I." and appeared on the night of the party armed with amusing gifts: spools of cotton and balls of darning cotton for the family work basket; rolls of absorbent cotton for the medicine cabinet; huge and gaudy cotton bandannas that could be converted into practical dust-cloths; and some really pretty articles such as a laundry bag, a smaller bag for soiled handkerchiefs, and a bag for stockings waiting to be darned, etc., all made of cotton materials.

When the curious guests arrived, they were astonished at being welcomed by a black-faced host and hostess, the former wearing old, faded khaki trousers, a torn grey flannel shirt, old canvas tennis shoes, and a dilapidated, wide-brimmed straw hat such as negro cotton pickers wear down South. His wife wore a gingham bungalow apron which covered her dress completely, "gold" hoop earrings, and a gay red and yellow bandanna bound about her head. They each carried a big

basket under one arm, filled with much smaller baskets, one of which they handed to each guest as he or she arrived.

The host then explained that this was a cotton-picking party, and that while black faces were more usual in such a business, they were prepared to put as many white pickers on the payroll as refused to make use of the lamp-black they would find upstairs in the dressing rooms.

Most of the guests seized the occasion for masquerade hilariously, and proceeded to blacken their faces as artistically as possible, but a few were content with their old clothes, aprons, and the bright bandannas each had found tucked into his or her basket.

In about fifteen minutes, a scarecrow crowd of black and white cotton pickers had assembled in the downstairs hall, armed with their baskets, and eager for the fun to begin.

The hostess now explained that little tufts of cotton were hidden all over the first floor of the house (excepting the dining room, which was declared forbidden territory), out on the front and back piazzas and about the grounds. (This cotton wedding happened to be in June, but for a winter anniversary the whole house, upstairs and

down, might be thrown open to the cotton pickers, to make up for the loss of piazzas and grounds). The girl who "picked" the most cotton, won a prize of a dainty powder puff in a leather case for her hand bag, and the winning man a fountain pen wrapped carefully in cotton wool and put in an oblong, jeweller's box. An amusing feature of the cotton-picking contest was that several of the tiny tufts had fortune-telling charms hidden in them; a silver wedding ring; silver "old maid's" thimble; lucky coin; silver horseshoe, etc., etc., and I had almost forgotten to add that garden, grounds and piazzas were lighted with gay paper lanterns, and torch "flares" to help the treasure-seekers.

Now a number of card tables were set out, and four people seated themselves at each table. The hostess went about, from table to table, laying on each a tangled handful of cotton threads of short lengths. The threads were of four colors—red, green, blue and yellow. A color was assigned to each player, and they were supposed to disentangle the threads of their own colors from the mass in the middle of the table. Every thread when pulled out of the tangle must then have a loop knotted at one end, which was slipped over a little pearl-headed pin stuck in the table top in

front of each player. The first player at each table who was able to loop all threads of one color around his pin, and braid them in a neat pigtail, received a pretty cotton denim shoe bag for packing shoes or slippers in a suit-case.

Next, squares of black cardboard were passed around, and pieces of white chalk. A basket of the recently "picked" cotton was also placed on every table, and the guests were required to draw with the white chalk either a single darkey cotton-picker, or a group. The cotton of course was to be used for white "wool" and whiskers, attached to the drawings with the aid of a drop of glue. This occasioned a good deal of fun, since the more grotesque and amateurish the finished drawings, the funnier they were.

The prize for the funniest picture was a popular book of negro tales.

At the end of this contest the host and hostess invited everyone out to supper. The dining table had been very cleverly arranged to look like a field of cotton. The table top itself had been covered with branches, grass, and moss to represent a field, with here and there white drifts of cotton and tiny darkey-dolls, dressed in gay colors, bending over filled baskets. The centerpiece was a big market

basket, apparently filled with cotton. However, the cotton proved to be merely a cover which lifted off, and disclosed the basket to be full of homemade, crisp brown doughnuts, and rosy-cheeked apples.

Another basket—also cotton covered—at one side of the table held sandwiches, cut in the shape of the Roman numeral I. A similar basket opposite held—apparently—luscious Florida oranges. These proved on investigation to have been hollowed out neatly, lined with waxed paper, and filled with a salad composed of chopped chicken, celery and nuts, with a mayonnaise dressing.

There was a big chocolate layer cake on the table, too, its top piled with fluffy, cotton-like mounds of whipped cream—a rich sweet, but delicious. The only thing that didn't in some way resemble cotton, was the big chocolate pot, though there was a silver dish of fluffy whipped cream to go with it, that did carry out the main decoration idea.

2nd Wedding Anniversary

As the second anniversary is the Paper Wedding, an evening card party is in order. At least so thought pretty Mrs. Godwin, when her second anniversary came around, and as her idea worked out so attractively, I am going to describe it here.

For the invitations, she merely wrote on her visiting card, above her name: Jan. 10th

Bridge at —(hour)

Cards, of course, are paper, but just to whet the curiosity of her guests, and set them guessing, she enclosed a pinch of bright-hued confetti in each envelope with the card of invitation. (Confetti is paper also, and certainly significant of weddings.)

The card tables were covered, in place of a cloth, with several thicknesses of heavy tissue paper—each table a different color—folded into a square

exactly fitting the table-top, and held smoothly in place with small thumb tacks. On every table crêpe paper boxes in the shape of flowers held small cream candies in pink, green, rose and yellow. The backs of the playing cards matched in color the tissue paper covers of the tables, and unusual but very simple place cards had been made by taking a narrow, oblong card of the table's color, touching it here and there with a wee drop of glue, and scattering confetti on it. The player's name was written in gold ink, and the effect was delightful and original.

The prizes at each table were popular novels, tied up in tissue paper (the color of that table's decorations), with confetti scattered on the paper, and held in place by a drop of glue, as had been done with the place cards.

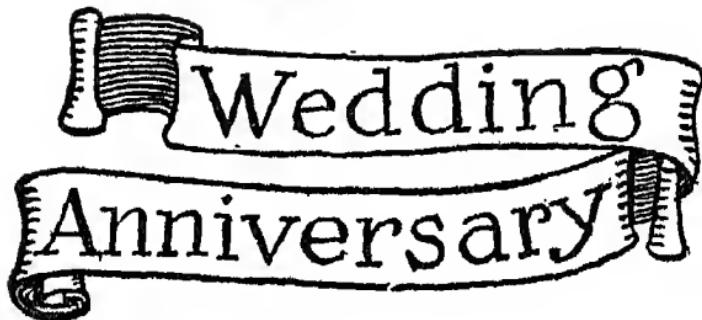
The supper table had been set with a gay paper tablecloth with carnival designs, little piles of paper napkins to match, and a centerpiece of a bride's shower bouquet composed of flowers of all colors, instead of bridal white. Streamers of narrow, vari-colored ribbons stretched from the bouquet across the table, where a little boutonnière was tied on the end of the ribbons intended for the men, and a single, larger flower and a spray of fern made a

corsage for the women. By pulling the ribbons, too, they broke free from the centerpiece, and from out the flowers in the centerpiece there appeared as many doll-sized envelopes as there were guests, each containing a couplet of nonsense rhyme, prophesying the future of each guest.

Creamed shrimps were served in individual crêpe paper nut baskets, and there were other, larger crêpe paper baskets on the table, which held sandwiches, small, vari-colored iced cakes, cream candies, candied ginger, salted nuts, and marrons.

Coffee was drunk from large cups with plenty of thick, yellow cream, and individual flower-shaped ices were passed from the pantry. In the place of honor on the table, beside the bridal bouquet, was a big bride's cake, iced in curiously streaked and dabbled confetti-like patches of varied colored icing. The two dates—the original wedding, and this, the second anniversary—were written on the cake in white icing, with the twined initials of the couple in whose honor the anniversary was being celebrated.

3rd



The Leather Wedding is a little harder to plan for than a number of the other anniversaries, as leather does not lend itself as easily to decorative effects as some materials do. But the woman who gave this celebration solved the difficulties very cleverly by making it a book party.

For the invitations she used tiny, red, leather-bound memorandum books, bought at the ten-cent store, and on the first page of each she wrote:

Please come and represent your favorite book at our Library Party. Bring this memorandum with you—you will need it.

This was signed, "Mary and John Blakesley," with the address, date and hour underneath. The

little books were enclosed in square, heavy envelopes, and sent by mail like any ordinary invitation.

The guests entered into the spirit of fancy dress whole-heartedly, and some of the costumes were really amusing. All sorts of books were represented: novels, new and old; children's books; biographies; travel books. The hostess went as a white-bound book titled "Our Wedding Record." As she really had such a book, she copied it as nearly as possible in her costume. The gold decorations of the cover were "embroidered" on her white dress (letters cut out of gold paper, and pasted on the fabric). And the various pages of the original book—containing the signatures of witnesses, the marriage certificate, a register of guests at the ceremony, some dried flowers from her bridal bouquet, and a piece of her wedding dress pasted on another page, etc.,—were all reproduced with great fidelity, and the pages pasted here and there on the costume as if they had been actually torn from the genuine "Wedding Record" itself.

The host went as a "Record of Our Third Anniversary." He wore over his ordinary business suit, a straight, long apron of brown imitation

leather, with the title in gold-paper letters pasted at the top. Blank pages, entitled "Those Present," and "Remarks by Guests," were scattered all down the front of the apron, and he carried a huge fountain pen in one hand, which he offered the guests during the evening to sign the "register," and write their "remarks."

Of course, in signing the "Those Present" pages, the guests wrote the names of the books they represented, not their real names, and the "Remarks" were, in most cases, extracts from the books, which made the gradually filling pages most amusing reading before the evening was over.

As the Blakesleys did not possess a library large enough to hold their party in, they had turned the big living room into a library temporarily, by placing books on tables, window seats, and a row of leather-bound volumes of imposing size (which proved to be the *encyclopedia*) on the mantel over the fireplace.

The lights were shaded by brown parchment shades, on which pictures of books—cut from publishers' advertisements—were pasted; so the light in the room was properly dim and studious.

A cheerful fire was glowing on the hearth. (Of course, if one were celebrating a summer anniver-

sary, the fireplace could be effectively banked with flowers instead.) The chairs in the room had all been removed, but cushions had been set out in straight rows against each of the four walls. A sign which hung on the wall above each row announced "Biographies," "Novels," "Children's Books," etc. The guests grouped themselves according to their costumes, and seated themselves on the cushions.

The hostess now explained that they were going to play a literary version of the old game of "Twenty Questions." One of the company was chosen to guess first, and he left the room while the rest of the guests decided on a book. The conditions were that it must be a book with which all present were familiar, and with which they were reasonably certain the "guesser" was also acquainted. It might be a novel, travel book, history, biography,—a book of fairy tales; but it must be well known.

Then the "guesser" was recalled, and told he might ask any questions which occurred to him that might help him identify the book chosen—with these exceptions: he must not ask the last names of any of the characters in the book, nor the author's name, nor—of course—the title of the

book itself. He might ask the first names of characters, the location of the story, the general character of the book (mystery, detective, Western, foreign, etc.) and anything else along those lines which would aid him in guessing.

After this had been played several times, the hostess commanded her guests to produce their invitation memorandum-books, and passed out pencils all round. She now announced that the company would be allowed three minutes to write in their memorandum books a list of all the famous trios of history, legend, or fiction which they could recall. For example: The Three Wise Men who journeyed from the East; The Three Graces; The Three Musketeers of Dumas' famous novel; The Three Little Kittens, who had lost their mittens; The Three Fates, and so on as far as the players' memories could stretch. The player with the longest list, received a prize.

Then another three-minute contest was called. Every guest was to write a telegram of exactly ten words, introducing the word *three* as often as it could be done consistently with a message that made sense. These were read aloud at the end of the contest, and a prize allotted to the writer of the telegram having the most "threes." As two of

the guests were tied for the award, they drew lots for the prize.

The third contest also took three minutes. The players wrote lists of the various uses to which leather was put. Some of these lists were highly amusing, and, of course, the compiler of the longest one was prize winner.

All three prizes were small leather-bound books by some well known author, and belonged to sets that could be filled out from time to time, if the winners chose.

After all that strenuous mental exercise, everyone was hungry, so the host and hostess brought out and set up leather-topped card tables, on each of which they laid a fat looking leather brief case—and nothing else. (The brief cases had been borrowed for the occasion, with the promise to return them in good condition.)

Camp chairs were brought in, and placed at the tables, and the hostess went about among the feminine guests carrying a large leather hand bag which she asked each woman to reach into and draw out a little red leather change purse. At the same time the host was offering the men guests fresh memorandum books such as had been used for the invitations and contests. On the blank

first page of each of these little books was written a number, and a corresponding number was on a card slipped into each leather change purse. This provided useful little favors for the guests to take home, and matched partners for supper at the same time.

When everybody had found places at one of the card tables, the brief cases were opened, and found to contain the supper itself—neatly wrapped in waxed paper, and then tied up in small fancy boxes, with thongs made of tan leather boot laces.

First the guests drew out a linen square to cover the table, and four tea napkins. Then a candy box made to imitate a book appeared, filled with chicken-and-lettuce sandwiches. (The waxed paper and the outer box kept the contents from staining the brief cases). Four deviled eggs were packed in a second box, and four slices of home-made layer cake in a third. A tiny bottle of stuffed olives came next, and a supply of loaf sugar wrapped in a flowered paper napkin.

The hostess passed plates, cups, saucers and silver for all the tables, and when everyone was served, she made a second round with a big silver coffee pot in one hand and a pitcher of cream in the other.

At the end of the meal strawberries and cream were passed to eat with the layer cake. (If, in copying this Leather Wedding, the time of the year is not right for strawberries, other fruit, or ice cream, may, of course, be substituted.)

5th



Wedding
Anniversary

Casting about her for an original way of celebrating her Wooden Wedding, one woman thought of a camp-fire supper. This is perfectly practical for every season of the year, as late spring, summer, and early autumn will, of course, allow a genuine, out-door camp fire; while for the colder months (or if one lives in a city where outdoor picnics are impossible) an equally enjoyable indoor picnic supper may be cooked in your biggest fireplace over a log fire that has been permitted to die down to a bed of coals.

The invitations were printed on oblongs cut from wooden picnic plates, and read:

A REAL CAMP-FIRE SUPPER!

In Five Courses

You will be five times as welcome as we can tell
you,

And will have five times as much fun as you
anticipate.

Please assemble at the home of

MR. and MRS. HENRY BROWN

225 Pleasant Street

at seven o'clock on June 10th.

P.S. We give you five guesses as to what occasion
this is.

Being thus warned that it was to be a picnic, everyone came in old clothes and sweaters, and were met at the Browns' front door by host and hostess, also in picnic garb but each wearing on a string around their necks, five "wooden wedding rings"—which were, of course, old fashioned wooden curtain rings. They were surrounded by a number of new wooden pails and buckets, which contained the provisions for the camp supper.

So the guests obligingly helped carry the supplies, and the hosts led the way to a pretty pine grove back of the house, where a fine camp fire had been burning long enough to have died down to a hot bed of coals that was just right for cooking.

Here the host appointed two of the guests to act as assistant cooks, under his direction, while the rest of the company were told off for various duties: spreading camp blankets around the fire to sit on, unpacking the provisions, laying a red-checked table cloth on the ground near the fire to act as a table, and setting out wooden plates, tin cups for coffee, picnic "silver," and napkins.

The "five courses" of the supper were as follows:

1. Chops, "chips" and coffee
2. Individual tomato salads
3. Crackers and cream cheese
4. Strawberries and cookies
5. Toasted marshmallows

The "chips" were, of course, potato chips; and both the chops and chips were cooked in a big camp frying pan set on an iron picnic grill over the coals. The coffee was also made on the grill in a regular grandfather coffee-pot. The salads were big, ripe tomatoes scooped out and filled with chopped celery and nuts with a mayonnaise dressing. The strawberries were served in toy wooden churns, and the doughnuts were in a big wooden peach basket with a handle. The marshmallows were, of course, toasted by all the guests, on long, pointed wooden sticks held over the coals.

When the long, jolly, leisurely supper was over, the fire was built up to a roaring blaze with more logs and branches, and several "wooden" instruments, such as guitars, ukeleles and mandolins (brought by request by the musical guests) appeared, after which singing, story-telling, and impromptu "stunts" occupied the rest of the evening.

7th Wedding Anniversary

The camp-fire supper suggested for the Wooden Wedding will do, with a few minor changes, equally well for the Seventh (Woolen) Anniversary celebration. The camp blankets on which the guests sit about the fire are, of course, woolen, as are also the sweaters they wear. The invitations instead of being made from wooden picnic plates, are ordinary correspondence cards, with borders stitched in gaily colored wools.

The invitations should be changed to read:

A REAL CAMP-FIRE SUPPER

In Seven Courses

You will be seven times as welcome as we can tell
you,

And will have seven times as much fun as you anticipate.

Please assemble at the home of
MR. and MRS. JOHN SMITHERS
10 South Main Street
on June 10th at seven o'clock.

P.S. We give you seven guesses as to what occasion this is.

The two extra courses added to the menu are: "Appetizers" (thin slices of toast, made over the coals, and spread with butter and anchovy paste); and assorted nuts to crack while the marshmallows are toasting at the end of the meal.

A market basket filled with small tightly wound balls of vari-colored wools is passed around after supper. The guests each choose one, and start to unwind it. Several of the balls have fortune-telling trinkets hidden inside them—a silver wedding ring, lucky coin, horseshoe pin, etc. If a married man or woman finds the ring, it means continued married happiness; if an unmarried one, of course marriage in the near future.

10th



Wedding
Anniversary

There have been so many tin wedding celebrations in which kettles, pots, pans and other kitchen utensils were employed to carry out the idea, that this "Tin Box" Party will perhaps be a novelty.

The invitations read:

You are urged to be present at
A Candy-Counter Supper and Bridge
at Ye Tin Box Shoppe
on April 20th
at seven o'clock
to celebrate the
TIN WEDDING
of
Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Cooke
220 Elm Road

R.s.v.p.

A long counter had been made in the living room, by placing tables in a row, and covering them with bright green crêpe paper. On this were set forth as many tempting looking round red-painted tin boxes (they can be bought at the ten-cent store, but don't tell anyone!) as there were guests. Each box apparently contained a holiday assortment of candies done up with bows, lace paper, and silver-foil, just as the expensive gift boxes are in the big candy shops.

The boxes were open, with their covers propped behind them and their contents invitingly displayed. Three dainty sandwiches were wrapped in silver-foil, just as cakes of chocolate are, and then tied together with a green or red bow. Hard boiled, deviled eggs were wrapped in a twist of white waxed paper like a candy egg. A red apple of medium size, scooped out, filled with fruit salad, and wrapped in another square of waxed paper, occupied the center of the box. And two small, round molasses cakes, iced in raspberry icing showed through *their* waxed paper wrappings like large cream candies. White lace-paper stuck out all about the edges of the box, and a red or green ribbon tied the contents in securely, with a jaunty bow on top.

Small card tables stood about the room, set with red or green crêpe paper covers, and flowered paper napkins. Guests chose supper partners, and two couples selected a table together. A pile of small tin trays, painted in red or green, was on a stand near the door, and the men each helped themselves to one, on which to bring back from the candy counter their own and their partners' choice of supper boxes.

Of course they made a jolly game of choosing boxes, and when these were selected to everybody's satisfaction, the company moved down to the end of the counter where the "fountain" was located. Here a trim young "saleswoman" in a neat white apron, dispensed hot coffee or chocolate, from two big pots bubbling on a small electric grill. On the floor at her feet there was a pail of cracked ice, which contained bottles of ginger ale and sarsaparilla for those who preferred something cold to drink.

Shiningly new tin cups were provided at the "fountain" for hot and cold drinks alike, and the guests after making their choice, carried the filled cups back to their tables on the tin trays, together with their "candy-box" suppers.

The tin boxes, when emptied of their contents,

were given to the guests to take home as souvenirs of the occasion; and as they would make equally good sewing boxes, candy boxes, tea boxes, or collar and handkerchief boxes, they were acclaimed appreciatively by both masculine and feminine recipients.

When supper had been finished, and the card tables cleared, a progressive bridge game started, the players beginning just as they had sat at supper, and the high-score couple at each table progressing. For the two highest scores of the evening the hostess brought out and solemnly presented to the winners, ordinary flat tin cracker boxes tied with enormous pink gauze-ribbon bows. Upon being opened, however, the boxes were each found to contain one of the season's most talked-of novels.

12th



The Silk and Linen Wedding Anniversary suggests the note of formality—fine table linen, the glow of softened candlelight through silk shades. So for this twelfth anniversary, the most appropriate celebration naturally takes the form of an afternoon tea—with music, if that is possible.

Your handsomest linen-and-lace tea cloth will, of course, cover your dining room table. Four tall silver candlesticks with rose colored candles (rose being the color of happiness, it best expresses the celebrating of twelve years of happy married life), should be on the table, shaded with rose silk shades. The centerpiece is a flat wicker garden basket with a handle, and is filled with rose leaves shading from palest pink to deepest, warmest rose. These leaves are not real, however, but are made of silk.

(Several shaded silk roses can be pulled carefully apart, and will supply all the petals you need.)

Seated about the edge of the basket, are twelve wee china dolls, dressed in fluffy rose-silk frocks, each apparently holding in its hands a narrow rose colored ribbon, the other end of which runs up to the handle of the basket, where the collected ends are caught with a silk rose. The basket itself is set on a large mat of real ferns, laid flat on the tea cloth.

On this fern-mat, around the basket, are piled little rose silk bags of wedding cake. Small squares of the cake are wrapped in waxed paper before slipping them in the bags, so no stain can come through to mar the effect. The bags themselves can be run up on a sewing machine in half an hour, by using ribbon of the required width instead of broad silk. The tops are simply fringed out and tied with a bow of narrow gold gauze ribbon.

There should be as many bags of wedding cake as there are guests, and of course each guest receives one to take home as a memento of the day.

Ask two friends to pour tea and chocolate at either end of the table, and set the table itself with piles of tea plates, cups and saucers, and the necessary silver, just as you would for an ordinary

tea. Silver platters contain wafer-thin sandwiches, pink-iced cakes (each cake iced with the figure 12 in white icing on top of the pink), and small tea biscuits, split and buttered, and still steaming hot from the oven. Individual strawberry ices in shape of tiny wedding bells, hearts, and roses are passed from the pantry.

If you decide to have music during the tea, a violin, cello, and piano (or harp) will be sufficient, though you may add as many additional pieces, of course, as your taste and pocket-book permit. The selections should run to rather sentimental love songs, dreamy waltzes, etc., and should be subdued enough to allow conversation, without the guests having to scream at each other.

15th



Wedding Anniversary

Mrs. Johnny Carter realized suddenly, and with a queer sort of stunned astonishment, that on the twenty-fifth of June—which was exactly one week off—she and Mr. Johnny would have been married fifteen years. It didn't seem possible it could have been as long as that, and at first it made her feel absurdly old; but at the second thought she began to count up anniversaries, and discovered that fifteen years meant a Crystal Wedding. So she decided that they must have a celebration and, moreover, that it must be an original one.

After considering all the different ways in which crystal could be worked into a party, the word "crystal-gazing" popped into her busy brain, and instantly she knew the kind of original celebration she and Mr. Johnny were going to have on their

fifteenth anniversary. And this is the way it worked out.

She cut a round disc from silver paper, and pasted it in the middle of an ordinary white correspondence card. Then she wrote across the silver ball:

The pleasure of your company is requested
at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Carter

30 West State Street
on April 25th
at eight o'clock
for an evening of Crystal-Gazing.

Please remember the number 15

Naturally everybody was intensely curious—especially as to the meaning of the "number 15". Why were they to remember it? One or two guests did manage to puzzle out the connection between 15 and the word crystal, but most of them were so intent on the fortune-reading idea that they forgot entirely the usual association with a crystal wedding.

When everyone arrived at the Carter house on the appointed night, they wondered a little uneasily whether they had perhaps made a mistake in the

date. For apparently the whole house was in darkness. No faintest gleam showed at any of the windows (later they found these had been draped with heavy blankets and shawls). However, they rang the bell, and almost instantly the door swung open, showing the front hall lit by a single flickering candle.

The host, in a loose black robe "embroidered" in cabalistic designs (cut from silver paper, and pasted on), greeted them with a warning finger on his lip. The hostess, similarly attired, appeared next, and in pantomime motioned them to follow her upstairs where two bedrooms had been set aside as cloak rooms. Making them understand, by signs, that they were to come down as soon as they had laid aside their wraps, she returned to the hall, to be ready to direct later-comers.

As fast as the guests came downstairs, she waved them to a door on the right of the hall, which most of them remembered led into the living room. Here a few dim and blue-swathed lights burned, disclosing prim rows of chairs set against the walls. A small table was in the center of the room, covered with a black velvet cloth, and on this cover reposed a small crystal ball, something like a giant marble.

Becoming more and more curious, the guests

seated themselves, and waited for what was to happen next. What did happen was that quite suddenly all the dimmed lights in the room went out altogether leaving the company in blackness. This lasted for a second or two, when a match flared, and a tall white candle on the table beside the crystal ball showed a small, steady flame.

Host and hostess had disappeared, and in their stead, behind the table, gazing intently into the crystal, stood a tall figure in a red gypsy cloak, with a gay red and gold bandanna tied about her head, and her face hidden by a black mask.

After muttering to herself at some vision in the crystal, which she apparently beheld, the crone straightened herself, and with an imperious gesture motioned one of the guests to approach.

Then, while the guest stared eagerly into the crystal with her, trying to make something out of the wavering lights and shadows which the flicker of the candle flame put there, the old crone began in a sing-song voice to recite what *she* could see in the ball—all of which, of course, concerned the particular guest who stood beside her. As the hostess had chosen for the rôle of seeress a woman who knew all the group present intimately, and was moreover clever at twisting all she knew of their

special fads, fancies and antipathies into a quick patter of apt prophecy—that “hit home” uncannily close—the crystal-gazing was a decided success, and provided plenty of amusement.

When the last guest had had her future read, the gypsy stooped abruptly and blew the candle out. Several minutes of darkness followed this time, and then as suddenly as they had gone out, all the lights in the room were on again—minus their gloomy blue shades. The center table, the gypsy crone, black velvet and crystal ball, all were gone, and numbers of card tables had sprung up about the room like mushrooms, each equipped with cards, score-pads and pencils.

An hour or two of cards followed, and then the company were ushered out to supper.

The dining table had been entirely covered with strips of cotton batting, sprinkled generously with “snow dust” which gave a frosty glitter. In the center a narrow, oblong mirror had been laid, with banks of cotton piled up unevenly on either hand, and then sprinkled with snow dust. Fifteen wee china dolls had been dressed in white woolly sweaters, or white flannel Teddy Bear suits, with white caps on their heads, and had been set down here and there on the snow banks; one or two were

down on the ice itself, either sitting, or sprawled over as if they had just tumbled down.

Here and there on the "snow field" of the tabletop were piles of small green pine branches, also sprinkled with snow dust. Over the table hung a wedding bell, of white crêpe paper, with a fringe of glittering "icicles" made of glass beads. The number 15 was written in glass beads on both sides of the bell (if one may say that a round object has sides. To be more exact—the figure 15 faced both sides of the table.)

A double thickness of heavy white crêpe paper had been pasted across the bottom of the bell, and through this dozens of narrow white ribbons issued, their other ends stretching out on all sides to the edges of the table, where each was tied to a heavy crystal bead to weight it in place.

At the end of supper, the guests each selected a ribbon and pulled, whereupon, of course, the paper broke, and the ribbons proved to be tied to white *papier maché* rose petals, across which a "fortune" had been written in gold ink, and in as few words as possible. Such fortunes as "A long life"—"A happy married life"—"Money on its way to you"—"A pleasant surprise soon"—and "Good luck for the next twelve months," etc., were

easy to write on the petals, and gave a last touch of fun to the evening.

The supper table had been set with as many glass dishes, bowls, goblets, and platters as possible, and silver used only for knives, forks and spoons. Glass plates were used instead of china ones, and altogether the appearance of the table was a dazzling glitter that was very charming.

The menu consisted of chicken *aspic*, with a salad of chopped apple, celery and nuts; hot chocolate with whipped cream to drink with it; small hot biscuits, split, buttered and filled with melted cheese, sandwich-fashion. The sweet course was homemade vanilla ice cream with pineapple preserves to spread over it, and a white-iced wedding cake, on which fifteen white candles burned.

20th Wedding Anniversary

A Chinese dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. Brownleigh to celebrate their China Wedding, and all the guests voted it a most original and delightful party.

They asked nine couples, which—including the host and hostess—made exactly twenty. Five small tables were set for four in the living and dining rooms, (which fortunately opened into each other with a double doorway).

Each table was covered with a square of gaily patterned Chinese silk, and the china used was real Canton. In the center of each table was a toy Chinese junk with bright red sails set, and its deck heaped with a cargo of Chinese tea. The tea was packed in small silk bags made of figured Chinese silk, and tied with knotted Chinese cords of yellow,

from the ends of which swung big, imitation jade beads. Of course there was a tea bag for every guest to take home as a souvenir.

The place cards were wee Chinaman dolls, in native costume, each holding a tiny yellow card on which the guest's name had been printed in letters made to look as much as possible like Chinese characters, by painting them on with a fine brush.

On every table was a yellow-paper menu, written in "Chinese" characters like the place cards:

Bird's Nest Soup

Pekin Chicken with Mandarin Biscuits

Celestial Salad

Chinese Pomegranates

Shanghai Coffee

The bird's nest soup was merely clear bouillon served in cups that were wound in Dennison's paper "moss," so they did really look like nests. The Pekin chicken was broiled chicken, on each portion of which thin, many-petaled flowers cut from slices of apple were spread for garnishing. With this course were served sliced, candied sweet potatoes, cut into rather crude but effective flower

designs; young boiled carrots sliced and cut in the same fashion; and individual forms of boiled rice. The Mandarin biscuits were ordinary tea biscuits, but the dough had been cut in flower shapes with a fancy cooky cutter before baking, and the result was quite realistic and delightful. The Chinese pomegranates were baked fresh peaches with whipped cream on top, sprinkled with chopped almonds; and the Shanghai coffee was extra strong coffee served in Canton cups.

The guests were waited on by young girls in Chinese costume, and between courses two little "sing-song girls," also in costume, wandered from table to table, and entertained the company by singing to the thrumming of the little Chinese drums they carried.

25th



A Silver Wedding is most appropriately celebrated with a wedding breakfast to which all one's family and friends are invited. If possible, the wedding gown (or a copy of it at least) should be worn by the bride of a quarter of a century. It would also be a pretty idea to choose six young girls (her daughters, if she has any, and their friends) to stand in the receiving line with the bride and groom to greet the arriving guests.

These young bridesmaids should wear filmy white frocks, all alike, with silver girdles, and silver ribbon bound about their heads bandeau-wise. They should carry shower bouquets of white flowers tied with silver ribbon, and the bride should carry a replica of the original wedding bouquet.

It will add just the right note to have a small

orchestra, or string-quartet, concealed behind a screen of evergreens, play the Wedding March from *Lohengrin*, and rather sentimental, old-fashioned ballads and love songs during the afternoon.

In the dining room the decorations consist principally of several tall evergreens, which should stand in the corners, forming an effective background for the white frocks of the bridal party. The table for the wedding breakfast will be set as for an ordinary wedding reception, with a handsome lace cloth, and the usual array of plates, napkins, silver, etc. The centerpiece, however, will be quite original. This should be a grove of tiny pines or evergreens—about four or five, set quite close together in the middle of the table. (A square piece of board can be made to act as a brace by driving nails through it and into the bottom of the tree-trunks. The board itself can be hidden by a carpet of real moss.)

The little trees are hung with "silver moss" in graceful festoons, the way Spanish moss drapes the live-oaks and pines in the South. (This silver moss, or "icicles" as it is sometimes designated, is what is used to trim Christmas trees, and produces a really exquisite effect against the green branches of the little pines.)

The trees are arranged in a eirele, with a mossy glade in the eenter, and in this glade stand two tiny dolls dressed as bride and groom. Tall silver eandlesticks with white candles stand at the four-corners of the table, and from candlestiek to candlestiek around the table is strung silver ribbon, from which hang small, artifieial orange blossoms.

Silver dishes of various sizes hold sandwiches, little white-iced eakes, white eream candies, marrons, salted nuts, and eandied ginger. About the foot of eaelh candlestiek is a pile of wee, oblong boxes eovered with silver paper, and holding real wedding cake. The boxes are tied with narrow silver ribbon, and have the initials of bride and groom entwined on the eover, as well as the date of the wedding twenty-five years before, and the present date.

There is also on the table a huge, white-iced bride-cake, with the same twined initials and the two dates on it in silver. The bride, of course, must cut the first slice before the guests are served. A fruit punch is on hand on a side table, in a large puneh bowl, and small cups of black coffee are passed at the end of the breakfast. Individual ices in the shape of wedding bells are served as soon as the bride's cake is cut.

The little "silver bridesmaids," of course, help look after the guests, and busy themselves seeing that everyone is taken care of, served with what he or she wants, and has a good time generally.

Invitations for the silver wedding breakfast should be engraved in silver in the form of the conventional wedding reception invitation, though the wording, necessarily, is slightly different:

Mr. and Mrs. John Henderson

request the pleasure of your company
at their silver wedding breakfast
on Saturday the thirtieth of June
at four o'clock

4 Clover Road

R.s.v.p.

50th Wedding Anniversary

An old-fashioned "high tea," served as a buffet supper, is likely to enable the hostess to ask all the friends of the honored couple. The whole idea is to reproduce as nearly as you can the atmosphere and customs of fifty years ago for their Golden Wedding.

Lay a white tablecloth over the table, and in the middle form a square centerpiece of green moss. On the moss place an old-fashioned bride's bouquet of white camellias, or valley lilies, with a starched little frill of lace about it, tied with a big white satin bow. This, of course, is presented to Grandmother at the close of the evening. Beside it is a pair of old-fashioned lace mitts, and a yellowed old lace handkerchief.

At one side are heaped tiny bags of golden

brocaded silk, filled with dried rose leaves and tied with golden bows. (These bags can be made very easily by sewing two oblong strips of the silk together, ravelling the open end into fringe, and tying tightly with the ribbon.)

In one of these bags a gold ring is hidden among the sweet-smelling petals, and as each feminine guest is supposed to take a sachet home as a souvenir, one, of course, will find the luck-bringing ring in hers.

On the other side of the centerpiece are the souvenirs for the men, which take the form of dainty boxes of wedding cake. If it is possible, choose little square gilt boxes for this purpose; fill them with squares of the cake, and on the box cover paste a bundle of tiny doll-envelopes (which can be made with the aid of scissors and glue, or bought at any toy shop). These envelopes should be tied with faded blue ribbons to represent fifty-year-old love letters. Yellow wax candles in tall brass candlesticks stand at the corners of the mossy centerpiece, lighting the table in the old-time way.

At the four corners of the table small dolls (about ten inches high) stand each dressed in the costume of fifty years past—plain, full satin skirts with *bustles*, and looped up over-skirts of gold-colored

tulle held out by crinoline, and round hats of leaf-green built up with a profusion of flowers and feathers, and having long lacy streamers falling down behind.

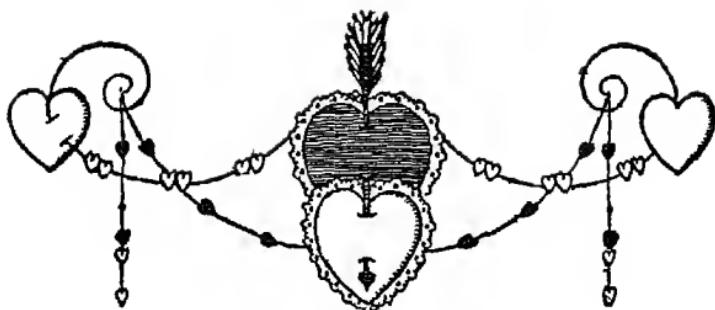
Twisted about each doll's arm is a narrow gold ribbon stretching to the next doll, where it is wrapped around her arm in the same manner. Swinging by this ribbon should be a line of tiny brass bells so that there are fifty of them in all, forming a sort of ring about the table edge.

Over the doll's other arm is a small basket, as much like an old-fashioned garden basket as possible, and these baskets are filled with conserves—candied orange peel, violets and cherries.

The dishes should be all the good old-fashioned ones—cold roast ham, boned chicken, salads, hot biscuits, and pies, with a big silver pot of steaming coffee.

At one end of the table there should be, of course, a huge bride-cake, with the names and dates written in orange icing; and the fifty-years bride must be the first to cut a slice for good luck.

CHILDREN'S PARTIES



A VALENTINE-MAKING PARTY

For Little Tots

ON the back of a gay, and lacy valentine was written in little Margery's round, careful hand:

Can you make a prettier valentine than this?
Please come to my house on St. Valentine's Day
at three o'clock, and we'll all make valentines
together.

MARGERY DARE,
24 Lakeview Road

Tables of all sizes, seating two, four or even eight children, were set out in the big living-room at Margery's house. And on these tables were blunt-pointed scissors, rolls of enchanting crêpe and tissue paper of all the colors in the rainbow, paper lace, bits of real ribbon, and a box of crayons.

Several "store" valentines were laid on each table for patterns, but the children were told that

prizes would be given for the most original valentines, as well as for the most neatly made, the prettiest, and the funniest. (As a matter of fact, a small, and inexpensive prize had been provided for each little guest invited, so there should be no hurt feelings or tears at the end of the game. In giving these out the little hostess' mother used a good deal of ingenuity in thinking up a new reason for each prize awarded, and everybody was satisfied and proud.)

The valentine making lasted for about half an hour, and at the end of that time restless little legs needed stretching, so the tables were pushed out of the way, and the hostess announced a treasure hunt—only in this case it was really a valentine hunt. She said there were valentines hidden all over the first floor of the house (except in the dining room, which they must on no account enter).

So there was instantly a great scampering and running to and fro, punctuated by shrieks of delight when somebody stumbled upon treasure-trove. Of course some of the children found several valentines, and some found none, but the hostess had provided herself with a few extras, and in the case of the very little children, she contrived to "hide" one or two valentines as the

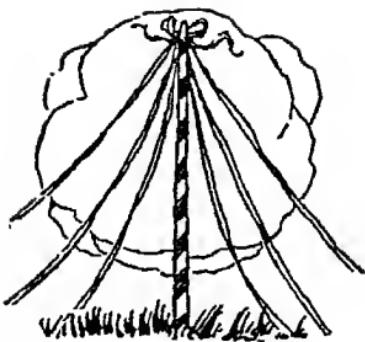
game progressed where they could not fail to be found by some small boy or girl who was being hopelessly out-distanced by the older and more agile youngsters.

Then, last of all, there was a "Living Valentine" hunt—a sort of improved hide-and-seek, in which one child was "counted out" to be "It." He must close his eyes and count twenty-five slowly, while the others hurried to hide wherever they could find a good place of concealment. They were supposed to be valentines, and "It" was the postman coming to take them to the post-office, to mail them to boys and girls all over the country. As soon as the postman had counted twenty-five, he was free to begin his search, and upon finding a valentine, he must first touch him, and then rush to the post-office (which corresponded to "home" in the original version of hide-and-seek). However, if the valentine could touch the "post-office" first, he went free, and the postman proceeded to look for the others. But if the postman touched the post-office first, the valentine just found must become the postman, and all the other valentines were called out of their hiding places, and the game started over again.

When the hostess thought the children had had

enough of this, she dealt out gay tissue paper caps all round, and lining the children up two by two, marched them out to the dining room for supper.

The dining table had been made to look much like a big, lacy valentine itself. It had a red crêpe paper table cloth on it, instead of the usual white linen one, and in the middle was a big, round, red-iced cake (a simple cup cake, with raspberry icing) with a ring of little red candles, lighted, all about the edge, for St. Valentine's birthday. Heaped about the cake, were dozens of snapping mottos, to be pulled at the end of supper. The children were given plain brown bread sandwiches first, with cups of hot chocolate, and after that vanilla and strawberry ice cream and the birthday cake.



A CHILDREN'S MAY PARTY

On the Lawn

If you want to give a May Day party for your little girl, it will take only a trifle more time and preparation than an ordinary party, and both you and your small guests will have a delightful afternoon out-of-doors.

Choose a smooth stretch of green lawn on which to set up your Maypole. The latter should be a slender pole, wound with strips of colored cheesecloth, and from its top should hang a shower of gay ribbons, one for each girl invited. (As ribbons are far too expensive these days, strips of cambric should be used instead. This comes in all sorts of delicate shades, and will be quite as effective as ribbons.)

If the day happens to be warm enough, the little girls should come in white dresses, with colored sashes and hair ribbons. Then, when the guests have all arrived, form the girls in a large circle on the lawn, and select a May Queen by "counting out." The fairness of this method will appeal to the children, and prevent any hurt feelings on the part of those who are not chosen for the honor.

A throne has been prepared for the queen beforehand—a raised seat banked with mayflowers and greens—and this should be placed directly in front of the Maypole.

The tiniest girl of all is now chosen to act as crown-bearer, and is given a beautiful golden crown (made of cardboard and gilt paper) on a cushion, which she bears to the queen.

The small boys present are each given a hobby horse made of a roughly-carved horse's head on the end of a cane or stick. These hobby horses were very popular at all old English May Day celebrations, and the riders make their steeds do fantastic and spirited curvetings and prancings.

After the hobby horses have pawed and run away sufficiently, the riders form in two bands and take their stations on either side of the throne, and the Maypole dance begins.

When the dance is over, the queen descends from her throne, and leads a grand march around the grounds, each hobby-horse rider escorting a May dancer. The march naturally resolves, after a while into a spirited game of "follow the leader."

Then the grand march forms once more, and the queen leads her followers into the house, for tea.

In the center of the table should be a mat of mayflowers (either real or artificial, as you choose) and on this stands a miniature Maypole, its base embedded firmly in a flower pot of earth or wet sand. The pole, like the real one outdoors, is wound with colored cheese-cloth or crêpe paper, and has narrow ribbon streamers reaching out to each child's place about the table, where they are fastened to wee May baskets of flowers for the girls, and toy hobby horses for the boys.

Sandwiches of white and brown bread are cut into flower shapes; pretty, doll-size May baskets hold candies and nuts; the ice cream is in individual flower molds, and there are flower-shaped ginger cookies, and glasses of lemonade.



A DOLL SHOW

For Young Doll Lovers

You cannot please your small daughter better than by giving her a doll show for a party. Invite all her little school friends, and ask each to enter one or more dolls, dressed in their bravest attire; little girl dolls, baby dolls, soldier dolls—all are eligible.

While the children are taking off their coats and hats, you can slip away with the dolls and arrange them about the room you have chosen to hold the "show" in.

The little girls are now seated around the dining-room table, which has been cleared for them. On the table are laid out small oblong cards of

poster-board, colored crayons such as are used in kindergarten, blunt scissors and short ends of various colored ribbons.

The children are told that they must make out entry cards for each doll entered in the contest, stating how long Dolly has been a member of the family. The children can ornament these cards with a colored border of their own designing and choose an end of ribbon with which to tie the card to each doll's arm or about her neck. This occupation will interest them for half an hour or more, and then let them march two by two into the room where the "show" is held and fasten their cards on the proper dolls. The following classes are judged.

- The prettiest doll
- The best-dressed doll
- The biggest doll
- The smallest doll
- The oldest doll
- The newest doll

Any other class which the hostess can think of may be added, as the more prizes to be given out the better. A little tact in awarding the latter will make as even a distribution as possible, and save any hurt feelings.

Next on the program is a dress-making contest. A big piece-bag is brought out, filled with all sorts of enchanting odds and ends of material, laces, ribbons and scraps of gayly colored velvets. Thimbles, needles and thread are passed around, and each child is allowed to choose what she needs from the bag to make something for one of the dolls. Suggest that they do not attempt anything too elaborate to be finished in an hour.

A prize for this contest might be a pretty crocheted doll's afghan or a wee sweater, and, of course, each little girl takes home the article she has made. By this time every one will be hungry and ready for refreshments. (While the children are sewing the hostess has had time to set the dining-room table.)

A novel and attractive scheme of decoration for the table is to build a little well in the center of toy blocks. On the edge of this, and around the foot, sit wee dressed dolls. Gay ribbons run from each doll to the place of the little girl for whom it is intended. The dolls, of course, are souvenirs to be taken home. The well itself is filled with colored snapping mottoes.

Hot cocoa with dabs of whipped cream is served, and brown bread and butter sandwiches cut in all

sorts of toy shapes. After this course individual ice creams are pretty, in the form of different colored rosettes to carry out the idea of the winning ribbons. Home-made ginger cookies, also in fancy shapes, are eaten with the ice cream, and simple cream candies are in wee dolls' trunks at the corners of the table.



A SEASHORE PARTY

For Little Tots

Any child who is fortunate enough to own a sand pile can give an afternoon of fun to his or her little playmates by inviting them to a "Seashore" party.

Each child upon arriving is given a wee pocket-book containing five glittering five-cent pieces (cardboard disks, the size of a real nickel and covered with silver-foil). They are then told to go to the five-cent store and buy whatever they will need for an afternoon at the seashore. With round eyes of excitement they obey.

The "store" is the dining-room table, set out

enticingly with all sorts of wares, each with a big tag on it reading "5 cents."

There are pails and shovels, colored shells of various kinds, gay balloons, and a bright turkey-red bathing suit for each child. These bathing suits, of course, are merely a sort of overalls to protect their own clothes, and can be run up hastily on the sewing machine.

When the children have spent all their money they put on their bathing suits and are led out to the sand pile. Here they are allowed to remove their shoes and stockings and paddle joyously about in the smooth, warm sand, as if they were actually at the beach. This in itself will create a delightful illusion and assure the party's success.

Once at play in the sand they will amuse themselves without help, but it is always a good plan for the hostess to sit near at hand with a book or some sewing, ready to soothe injured feelings, or settle any small disputes which may arise during the afternoon.

Instead of going back to the house for refreshments, the latter are brought to the sand pile in real picnic baskets, and are eaten out-of-doors.

A simple menu is given here, but one the children will enjoy:

Vanilla Ice Cream
in
Animal Shapes
Cookies in Shell Shapes
Cocoa

The children, of course, take home their purchases when the party is over as souvenirs of a jolly occasion.



AN AFTERNOON PARTY

In the Jungle

Any one who is fond of telling stories to children can plan a jolly afternoon with Kipling's beloved Jungle creatures, for a little boy's birthday party. The invitation should read:

Good Hunting!

Mowgli and Mother and Father Wolf
invite you to a party
in the Jungle on
Saturday afternoon at three o'clock.

You are asked to
meet at Bobby Stevens' house,
as he will show the way
to Mowgli's Cave.

When the children arrive, each one is given a square pasteboard card, on which is the picture of

the Jungle character he or she is to represent, with the name written below. Shere Kahn, the wicked Tiger; Baloo, the old brown Bear who taught the young wolf cubs the Law of the Jungle; Bagheera, the black Panther who was Mowgli's friend, one or two of the idle, chattering Bandar-log (the Monkey People) who were despised by all the rest of the Jungle; Kaa, the mighty Python, the snake who protected little Mowgli through countless dangers; Hathi, the Elephant—Master of the Jungle, etc.

The little boy host is, of course, Mowgli, the brown boy lost in the Jungle as a baby, and brought up by good Father and Mother Wolf, who loved him better than their own cubs.

These cards are attached to long green cords, so they can be worn about the children's necks.

The hostess now seats all the children about her on cushions on the floor, and tells them the story of Mowgli's coming to the Jungle, chased by the Lame Tiger, Shere Khan. As she mentions the name of each animal, the child who takes that part has to scramble to his feet, and turn rapidly about three times, making a noise like the animal he represents. If he forgets, or jumps up at the wrong time, he must pay a forfeit. These little interludes of

action serve to keep the children from growing restless and losing interest.

When the story telling is over, the forfeits must be redeemed and the "stunts" should consist of acting little scenes from the story just told. The child who has fewest forfeits to redeem wins a prize—a copy of Kipling's Jungle Book, of course.

Now a new game is introduced called "Mowgli's Spring Running." For this a long row of sofa pillows—old ones that won't be hurt by being stepped on—are laid out on the floor about three feet apart. These are supposed to represent the hummocks in the northern marsh across which Mowgli was chased by Mysa, the Wild Buffalo, in the course of his big Spring Running.

The children are told off in pairs to be Mowgli and Mysa—Mowgli, of course, jumps from pillow to pillow, while Mysa hovers near waiting for a chance to "tag" him. If Mowgli slips between the pillows while jumping, he must run back to the first pillow and start afresh, and this, of course, is Mysa's chance, for the runner can only be tagged when his foot is on the floor. If he is caught, he is counted out, and Mysa becomes Mowgli, the runner, while a new Mysa is chosen among the other children and the game goes on. If on the

contrary, Mowgli wins safely to the end of the "marsh," he receives a little red star to paste on the card about his neck.

After all the children have had their turns, then the game is played over again with only the red-star winners taking part, and this is repeated until the contest has narrowed down to two—the winner of this final heat, of course, being declared winner of the contest, and receiving the prize—a tiny pocket flash light marked "The Red Flower" (which is what the Jungle People called fire, you remember).

Now march the children into the dining room, and let them find their places by matching the cards about their necks with the little animal favors at each plate.

A pretty and appropriate table decoration is to cover the entire table top with a flat mat of greens instead of a cloth and in the center to build a little grotto of tiny stones and green moss to look like a cave. Lying at the opening are Mother and Father Wolf and their four cubs, and on top of the cave should perch a doll to represent Mowgli, with his little skinning knife hung around his neck, and a cleverly made black and yellow velvet tiger skin wrapped about his shoulders. From where he is

sitting, twisted green vines spread out in all directions to the animal favors at each child's place—these vines representing the "bitter Karela," the vine that covered everything in the Jungle.

Four tall red candles, the candlesticks entirely hidden in the mass of green creepers, stand for the "Red Flower" of which the Jungle inhabitants were so afraid.

Cocoa to drink, and cookies and individual ice cream forms in animal shapes compose the menu—and, of course, the birthday cake with its lighted candles.



A CHRISTMAS TREASURE HUNT

For a Sunday School

This party will delight the primary class of either school or Sunday school.

A Christmas tree, about six feet high, is chosen, and set up in a large wooden box which the older boys in the school can construct themselves. The box should measure at least five feet square and a foot high. The sides are wreathed with Christmas greens, and the inside of the box, all about the foot of the tree, is filled with clean sand or sawdust. In this sand are buried the Christmas gifts for the class; the packages for the boys being tied with red ribbon, and those for the girls with green. (Small dressed dolls, fairy story books, dolls' suit cases, school bags, pocket books, etc., always

please little girls; and for the boys, pen knives, pencil boxes, books of adventure like "Treasure Island," regiments of tin soldiers, toy tents, etc., are popular.)

The tree is trimmed in the usual way, except that from the top branches should hang a gaily-painted sign bearing this verse:

Under the spreading Christmas tree
Is buried treasure for you and me!

Paste pictures about the edges of this sign showing pirates, treasure chests, ships, parrots (like John Silver's famous parrot in "Treasure Island" which had sailed with many generations of pirates), heaps of golden coins, etc.

Each child is handed a toy shovel (they can be bought at the local five-and-ten-cent store), the handles of the girls' shovels being tied with green, those of the boys with red ribbon.

The children then take hands and dance about the tree singing:

"Here we go 'round the evergreen tree,
Evergreen tree, evergreen tree;
Here we go 'round the evergreen tree
On Christmas Day in the morning!
(evening.)

“ We're scouting for treasure as you can see,
As you can see, as you can see;
With shovels all ready for digging are we,
On Christmas Day in the morning!”
(evening.)

The circle now stands still, and the child who happens to be directly facing the sign on the tree is the first to step inside the circle. He digs in the sand with his shovel until he strikes one of the packages, which is then his property. While he is digging for his “treasure,” the circle again dances about the tree, this time singing:

“ Now he (or she) is digging for pirate gold,
For pirate gold, for pirate gold;
Now he (or she) is digging for pirate gold
On Christmas Day in the morning!”
(evening.)

Slowly:

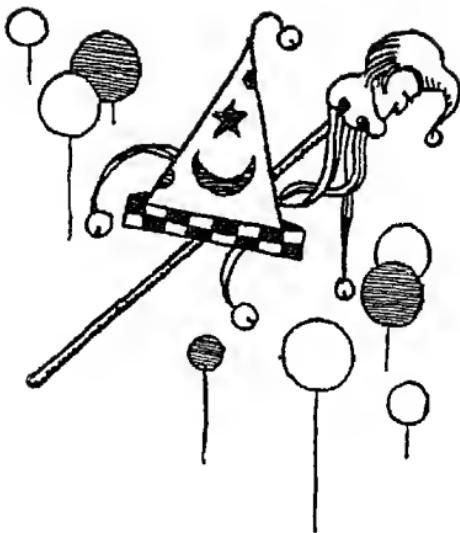
“ May he (or she) find as much as his
(or her) hands will hold,
As his (or her) hands will hold, his
(or her) hands will hold,
And with it a greeting that's ages old:
Merry Christmas Day in the morning!”
(evening.)

They repeat this until all the gifts have been found.

The class then marches into the dining room where a big table (the table top entirely hidden with a carpet of holly and evergreen) is spread with ice cream, little cakes, cookies, and sandwiches, as well as toy Santa Clauses filled with hard candies. The sandwiches should be plain brown bread and butter cut in the shape of Christmas trees, Christmas stars, and Christmas stockings. The cookies are cut in similar fashion, and the little cakes are iced with white, marked in red raspberry icing with the words: "Treasure Trove," "Pieces of Eight," "Captain Kidd," etc.

This will make a novel party which small boys and girls alike will enjoy.

MISCELLANEOUS PARTIES



A MUSHROOM PARTY

For High School Girls and Boys

THIS is a jolly party which can be given in any High School gym or assembly hall. The only expense which will be incurred by the entertainment committee is ten or twelve dollars for a hundred gay yellow balloons, several balls of green cord, and some blue and black paper muslin. The refreshments can be donated by the mothers of the pupils.

All electric light bulbs in the gym should be covered with the blue paper muslin, giving a dim and ghostly light, and an "enchanted forest" is

made of yellow balloon-mushrooms growing in long straight rows, on green cord stems about seven or eight feet tall (These are attached to the floor by thumb tacks.) Pine branches from the nearby woods are spread down the mushroom-bordered aisles, and greens festooned over the gym windows and doors.

Knowing all their guests' particular little fads, hobbies, and eccentricities, the entertainment committee can put their heads together, and write a series of clever fortune-telling jingles on narrow strips of orange paper, which are pasted *on top* of each yellow mushroom. These jingles are numbered, and corresponding numbers are printed on small balloon-shaped cards of orange cardboard, with the name of the boy or girl for whom that particular fortune is intended.

Built squarely across the gym doorway is a gruesome witches' cavern (made of clothes-horses covered with black paper muslin). Inside is a tripod of tall poles, from which swings an iron caldron and over the kettle bends a veritable old witch, in black cloak and tall, peaked hat. Her face is masked, and with a long iron spoon she stirs the contents of the caldron, chanting strange gibberish.

As each guest enters, she studies him (or her) dramatically; then proceeds to stir and poke about in her caldron till she brings up, triumphantly, one of the balloon cards bearing that guest's name and number. This card is thrust into the guest's hand, the crone chanting: (with apologies to Longfellow)

“ Seek a mushroom in the forest,
In the dank and blue-lit forest,
Bearing on its stem this number.
It will tell thee of thy future—
Tell thee what the Fates shall give thee
In the days that lie before thee.
Go—but let not word nor laughter
Pass thy lips until thou find it.”

Forbidden to address each other, the girls and boys make their way up and down the pine-needled aisles of the “forest,” inspecting the tiny, leaflike cards of orange paper that grow on the green stem of each mushroom, for the number corresponding with that of their balloon-cards.

On finding their mushrooms, and the attached prophecies, the guests promptly tie the green cord around arm or waist, and go about during the rest of the evening with a waving yellow balloon sailing high overhead.

The entertainment committee disappears during the fortune hunt, and when that is over, invisible hands "collapse" the witches' cavern in the doorway, and over its ruins there now marches a procession of yellow-robed figures, wearing funny balloon masks, and carrying picnic baskets. These baskets are packed with sandwiches (cut in balloon shape), and individual salads of egg, celery, chopped nuts and apple, the whole covered with mayonnaise dressing, and served in big, scooped-out real apples. There are also squares of iced gingerbread in the baskets, crullers, apples, crackers and cheese, and enough thermos bottles of hot coffee to go round generously. For those who prefer something cold, there is a stone jug of sweet cider carried in by another committee member.

The guests sit in a big circle on the pine-needled floor, and eat, picnic-fashion, waited on by the entertainment committee in their yellow balloon costumes. The evening ends by turning on the school victrola, and dancing jolly old-fashioned dances like the Virginia Reel, the Barn Dance (with improvisations), as well as some more modern dances, over the pine boughs of the gym floor.



DANCE OF THE ROSES

For School or College

The girls wore gay colored cheesecloth dominoes over their gowns, looped with cunning paper roses, and bordered by a vine of ramblers. As the class had been divided to represent the four colors, each girl's gown, and the roses trimming it, were, of course, of the shade assigned her. In addition, each girl carried a pretty, stiff, old fashioned bouquet of real roses in the same color—pink, red, yellow, or white.

The boys, who scorned fancy dress, consented to wear, to distinguish them, a rosebud in their button-holes, of the designated color.

The corners of the big hall were first hung with straight curtains of cheesecloth in the desired shade,

with a fresco of crêpe paper roses above. Then, on red, white, pink and yellow cords dozens of balloons to match tugged at their moorings, and swayed jauntily over the dancers' heads, from out each rose's corner. From the center ceiling-beam ran strips of red, white, pink, and yellow cheesecloth about nine inches wide, one for every member of the class. All the yellows were drawn together and looped against the wall in the yellow corner, under the bobbing balloons; the pink were taken in the same way to the pink rose corner, etc.

The effect of the hall was delightfully like a rose bower; and as all the electric lights had been shaded in crêpe paper in the different colors, they glowed softly, and with a real carnival effect, on the dancing couples below.

The usual dances were danced, as at all similar parties, ending with a few impromptu cotillion figures, led by a boy who had a real gift for that sort of thing.

When the orchestra finally struck up "Good Night, Ladies," the cotillion leader held up one hand, and at a signal, four boys hastened to the four corners of the hall and loosed the looped-back strips of colored bunting.

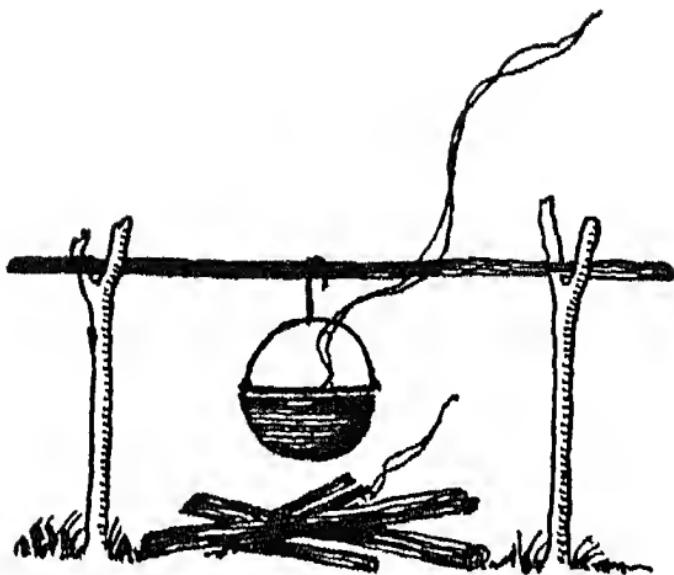
Everyone thereupon seized a strip and a grand

chain march was started about the hall, weaving in and out, braiding the cheesecloth streamers as the ribbons about a maypole are braided. At another signal, this was reversed, the streamers unbraided in the same manner, and the leader held up his hand again, giving his own streamer a tug and motioning the others to follow suit. Up above on the beam, where it had floated like a huge balloon of the class' four colors, a big tissue paper "grab bag" burst, and a rain of bright-hued confetti, bonbons, snapping mottoes, and wee class flags, fell on the laughing, upturned faces.

The supper was simple but much appreciated.

First, paper cups inside crêpe paper roses of the four colors, filled with chicken salad. Sandwiches of cream cheese and chopped walnuts, cut in leaf shape with a cooky cutter, went with the salad, and for the sweet afterward, four big layercakes appeared, iced in the four roses' colors—orange, marshmallow, strawberry, and red raspberry. A pretty, original touch was having wee candles on each cake, arranged so they made the numerals of the graduation year.

With the cake, big cups of coffee and thick cream were drunk, and dainty crêpe paper rose baskets passed last of all, heaped with colored bonbons.



A JOLLY GYPSY SUPPER PARTY

For Girls and Boys

Mary Worden's father was very far from being a rich man; so when Mary wanted to entertain her young crowd she had to plan interesting, unusual little parties that took more time and ingenuity than those where expenses were not considered. Perhaps because she gave so much care and attention to every tiny detail her invitations were always eagerly welcomed by the gay group of boys and girls she had grown up with, and guests invariably left the big, rather shabby Worden house on Elm

Street wishing the evening were just beginning instead of ending.

One of Mary's most successful entertainments was a gypsy supper party, given in the early autumn when the evenings were beginning to be just snappy enough to make an open log fire a pleasant thing to cluster about. And as this party only needs a fairly big room—living room, hall, or library—a fireplace where big logs may be burned (or a grate where a bed of live coals makes an equally good cooking fire), and a bit of thought and willingness on the young hostess's part to go to some trouble, I am going to tell you about it.

Mary had invited several days beforehand about thirty boys and girls, who composed her particular little group of cronies. She laid a good deal of stress on their all coming in gypsy costume; and as any rough-and-ready outdoor garb could pass muster for that, no one objected to dressing up.

A roaring log fire had been built in the fire-place long enough before the guests' arrival to allow it to die down to a bed of red-hot coals just right for cooking purposes. And over this had been placed an iron picnic grill on legs. On one end of this grill a generous coffee pot was already bubbling aromatically as the gypsy band assembled.

The floor of the room itself had been spread with a soft, luxurious carpet of real pine boughs from the woods, laid in a big semicircle about the hearth. Mary and her two younger brothers had worked hard all the day before, cutting them in the pine grove at the other end of town and trundling their booty home on a child's borrowed express wagon. On this carpet were piled cushions enough to go round for all the expected company.

Each gypsy, on arriving, was told to seat himself or herself on a cushion and to appropriate another for an arm rest. The hostess in her rôle of gypsy queen, assigned each of her band to some part in getting the supper. One cut bread for the toast which a second made over the picnic grill. A third roasted apples, a fourth fried bacon, and a fifth and sixth worked hard making luscious-looking sandwiches of the hot toast and bacon when both were ready.

Mary now indicated several regulation picnic baskets beside the hearth, and the rest of the company busied themselves unpacking these and spreading a gay red tablecloth on the pine-bough carpet. Others set out the sandwiches on wooden plates, with deviled eggs from the baskets' contents, and chicken salad in tiny wooden pails. The picnic

baskets also contained several homemade layer cakes, fruit, fudge, and caramels—as well as a big box of marshmallows to toast afterwards.

It took a long, jolly time to cook and eat supper. After that, when every one felt comfortable and well fed, the front doorbell rang, and the hostess, running to open it, returned ushering in a bent-over ancient gypsy crone, who (so she claimed in a deep, sepulchral voice) had recognized the fire of another gypsy camp, in passing, and had dropped in to tell every one's fortune.

Unlike most gypsies, this one had donned a mask for the occasion, made of a yellow-and-red bandanna handkerchief with slits cut in it for eyes and mouth.

After looking at palms all round the circle, nodding and shaking her head, she drew from her pocket a gaudy red box half full of huge white capsules, one of which she pressed into each guest's hand, and hobbled from the room.

Some one was bright enough to think of opening these capsules and was rewarded by finding inside a tightly rolled wad of tissue paper, on which was printed in straggling characters a prophecy for the future, in amusing doggerel. (The empty capsules had, of course, been bought at the drug store and

filled by Mary with the gay little jingles which she had written herself.)

Some of the "fortunes" fitted uncannily well; but after all, those which were the most far-fetched were the funniest, and the guests rocked with laughter when they were read aloud.

The fortune-telling was followed by the singing of all the old, familiar favorites; and as a number of the musical guests had brought their banjos, mandolins, and ukuleles, the last impromptu part of the evening's program was acclaimed as successful as the rest of the party.



AN INDOOR PICNIC LUNCHEON

For Early Spring

This informal little picnic luncheon should be given in the time of cherry or apple blossoms, just when you are beginning to long for a meal out of doors, and the weather is still too cold.

Lay pine branches on the bare table, entirely covering it like a tablecloth, and in the middle build a low bonfire of sticks and pine cones, exactly as you would in the woods—omitting only the fire. Upon this set your coffee pot, still steaming from the stove, and you produce at once a delightful picnic atmosphere.

Then at each place lay a long spray of either cherry or apple blossoms, each spray as full as you can get it of the pink and white petals, reaching

across the pine-needle tablecloth almost to the camp fire in the center. With a sharp knife slice off the bark at the end of the stems; the fresh white wood thus exposed makes very good place cards upon which to write the names of your guests.

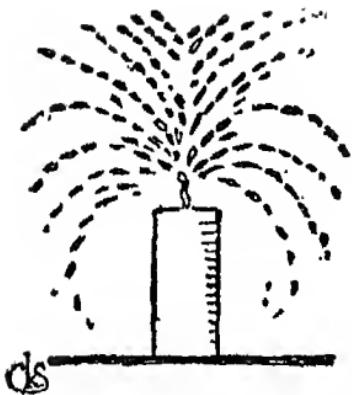
Of course all the plates and platters are real picnic wooden ones, and a pretty effect is made by fastening a sprig of pine on the edge of each plate with a drop of glue. Paper napkins with appropriate designs go with the wooden plates, and shiny tin cups stand ready for the coffee. Scattered about the table on the pine needles are built three or four much smaller camp fires, with toy frying pans balanced on them; the pans contain nuts, bonbons and figs.

There should be big plates of sandwiches of all kinds, tiny hot tea biscuits and cold sliced tongue, or chicken.

In front of each place beside the cherry blossom may stand a little wooden pail about the size of a small teacup. (These pails can be bought at any toy shop.) In the pail is laid a crisp leaf of lettuce, and upon that is piled a dainty salad of apple, Hawaiian pineapple, and banana chopped in tiny squares, with Maraschino cherries on top, and a French dressing with crushed walnuts poured over.

A sprig of pine is tied to the handle of each pail with a green ribbon.

A delicious dessert is a great chocolate layer cake covered with whipped cream.



A COMING-OF-AGE PARTY

For a Twenty-First Birthday

The particular party I describe here was given to celebrate a young man's twenty-first birthday, but it would be equally appropriate for a girl's coming of age.

For invitations, Jack's mother wrote little personal notes to twenty young people, asking them to come to the house at nine o'clock on a certain evening, for an informal little jollification in honor of Jack's coming of age. Including Jack himself, there were just twenty-one girls and boys, then, and the number twenty-one was carried out all through the evening.

When everyone had arrived, they sat in a big circle in the living room (the floor had been cleared for the dancing that was to come later, by pushing all the chairs back against the walls). The hostess passed around pencils and little leather-bound pads, on the covers of which was the number 21, burned into the leather.

Each guest was asked to write on his or her pad an "Amendment" to be voted for. These, of course, could be as serious or as utterly absurd as they chose. The slips were then folded and dropped by the writers into a small wooden box labelled "Ballots," which had a slit in the top, and a ludicrously big padlock to lock the cover.

When all the ballots were in the box, a key was solemnly presented to Jack, and he was instructed to unlock the ballot-box, and, without looking, to put in his hand and pull out one of the folded papers. This done he had, of course, to stand in the center of the room and read aloud the remarkable "Amendment" on which he was supposed to have employed his first vote.

The next event was the old game of "Twenty Questions"—in this case, however, "Twenty-one Questions." Jack was sent out of the room, and the company after much discussion, settled on

something connected with his newly-acquired independence. Jack was recalled and given twenty-one questions in which to arrive at a correct guess as to the subject—or object selected.

After that, an examination was called, in which the newest voter (and incidentally his friends, as well) was given a chance to display his knowledge of various matters.

Using the little leather-bound pads, the guests were allowed ten minutes to write a list of twenty-one animals, twenty-one birds, and twenty-one snakes. At the expiration of the time limit, everyone had to stop writing whether the lists were complete or not, and pass his paper to his left-hand neighbor to read aloud.

Jack was made to read first, and each name of bird, snake or animal he read which happened to be on the list of anyone else present, must be at once crossed off both lists. The object of the contest, of course, was to have a list of rare and unusual species not thought of by the rest. When Jack's list had been read, his neighbor on the left read *his* list, and the same crossing-out process was gone through. In each case, of course, the lists read were shorter and shorter, and when all had been read, the guest who had the most names left

on his list was awarded a prize of one of the new popularly presented books on science.

The second contest was conducted in a precisely similar manner, except that the names of heroes in modern sports, and popular movie stars were substituted. The prize for this contest was a biography of one of the big coaches or trainers.

Now everyone had had enough of quiet games, so a dancing contest was started in which twenty-one new steps were to be invented on the spur of the moment by the guests—each giving a two-minute exhibition, with the partner he or she selected, of one new step. The rest of the company must then endeavor to imitate the new dance for another two minutes, when it became the turn of a second guest to perform.

After the exhibition, general dancing followed until supper. The dining table had a huge, iced birthday cake with twenty-two red candles on it—the extra candle to go ahead on, of course. There were four tall red candles in silver candlesticks on the table, and two chafing dishes—one at either end of the table. In these two guests, chosen for the duty beforehand, scrambled bowls of golden, beaten-up eggs.

For supper there were large tea biscuits, split,

buttered, and having as a filling a slice of broiled tomato on which reposed two fat, pink sausages, still sizzling from the frying pan. Then the top of the biscuit had been fitted back, and the appetizing "sandwich" was eaten with a helping of hot scrambled eggs, big cups of coffee with cream, and plenty of buttered biscuits.

The birthday cake was eaten for dessert, with homemade ice cream, and little cream candies—each iced with the number "21." The cake had fortune-telling trinkets in it, each wrapped in silver-foil; and there were piles of gaudy colored snapping mottoes on the table, which provided absurd paper caps, more "fortunes," and much noise at the end of supper.



AN ORIGINAL JAPANESE GARDEN PARTY

For a Summer Evening

For the girl with a country home and a big garden, nothing could be prettier than a Japanese Garden Party, given on a late spring or summer evening—preferably “at the Full of the Moon.”

String long lines of lighted paper lanterns overhead, from tree to tree, and set out card tables on the lawn or garden paths; enough tables to seat all your guests as for a card party. But instead of packs of cards, score pads, etc., these tables are covered with rolls of different colored crêpe paper, and tissue paper flowers—chrysanthemums, wisteria and cherry blossoms. Also several pairs of sharp scissors and tubes of paste.

As soon as your guests have found places at these tables, announce that a prize is to be given for the best made and most original Japanese kimono designed and put together by a girl, and another for the winning kimono made by a man. As soon as the costumes are completed, each guest must don her (or his) own handiwork, and wear it during the rest of the evening.

Votes on the winning kimonos are taken at the end of the costume-making, after everyone has paraded once about the garden for inspection by the rest of the company. Japanese cards (painted with geisha girls, or flower designs) are passed around to the guests, with pencils attached, and each guest writes on them the names of the man and girl he (or she) believes to have been most successful as a designer of Oriental costumes. These card-ballots are then placed in a Japanese black lacquer box on one of the tables (the box can, of course, be a quite ordinary one, painted black and with cut-out gilt-paper flowers pasted on it to give the proper effect).

The man's prize might be a framed Japanese print, while for the girl, a gay Japanese crêpe kimono is sure to be popular.

The tables are now cleared of the paper debris,

and set for supper with Japanese paper table-cloths and napkins, and a big picnic basket placed on each table. These baskets contain (besides the necessary cutlery, silverware and plates) boxes of sandwiches, slices of homemade cake, and chicken salad served in scooped-out grapefruit rinds that have been made to form charming little basket-receptacles. (Each grapefruit basket is of course wrapped separately in waxed paper, to prevent the contents spilling over the rest of the supper.) A delicious dessert is made by using the sections of grapefruit, mixed with peeled white grapes, and sections of orange, and serving them in paper drinking cups, around which big pink or yellow paper chrysanthemums have been cleverly constructed, so that the effect is of the fruit dessert being in the hollow of the flower itself. Powdered sugar, chopped nuts and candied cherries are sprinkled on top of each chrysanthemum-dessert.

Small cups of black coffee are passed last of all, and for those who want a cold drink during supper, there is a big stone crock of fruit-ade on a side table, to which everyone is at liberty to help themselves as often as they choose.

After supper a victrola can be brought out on a

corner of the piazza (if this is near enough; or into the garden itself), and the guests wind up the evening dancing in their paper Japanese kimonos, worn over their more conventional evening clothes.



A BUNGALOW PARTY

For Those Who Do Not Play Cards

Here is "something different" to entertain a sewing circle, reading club, or just a group of old friends who are tired of cards and the usual afternoon teas. It can be played in a living room, dining room, or hall—or better still, on a lawn or wide verandah.

Small tables are set out and on each table is a pack of cards apparently like any other pack—until you turn them face up. At each guest's place is a piece of green heavy blotting paper, or cardboard about eighteen inches square, and a tube of paste. At the head of each blotter is printed the guest's name, and underneath, these words: "Plan of a bungalow I would like to live in." Under this again, is a list as follows:

1 Bungalow	8 Kitchen
2 Drawing Room	9 Sun Parlor
3 Dining Room	10 Garage
4 Library	11 Car
5 Bedroom (owner's)	12 Garden
6 Guest Bedroom	13 Color Scheme
7 Bathroom	

The faces of this particular pack of cards have been covered with pictures clipped from magazines, depicting the bungalow and the various rooms as set forth above. The thirteenth card is left blank, but is labelled "color scheme," and on this each player must write with a pencil which lies by her place, the colors and material she would choose for each room in her house.

In the pack there are four pictures of bungalows. Four *different* pictures, of course, so the guests may be given some latitude of choice. There are also four different drawing rooms, dining rooms, *eight* bedrooms, four kitchens, sun parlors, garages, libraries, gardens, etc.

The cards are dealt to each player as in an ordinary bridge game, and then the players take up their hands. Perhaps one will find herself with four bungalows, no dining room, one bedroom and three garages, etc. The idea is to select the type

of bungalow she likes from the four in her hand, and then discard one that she does not want. This discard is laid face up on the table; the next player also discards, and so on around the table, until there are four unwanted cards lying in the center. Now the first player discards again and takes up one of the cards on the table which may fit in with the scheme of her bungalow. Of course she may not want any of the four, but she must take one to keep the number of cards in her hand equal with the others, and she may of course discard the unwanted card next time for one that may be more suitable.

When all the hands are filled, each player pastes her cards on the square of green blotter at her place. The hostess checks up on the guest who has made the best time, and a prize of one of the new novels is awarded her. Then the green cardboards are tacked up with thumb-tacks, either on the wall or on the trunk of a big tree on the lawn, if the party is out of doors, and the guests are each given a pencil and small paper ballot. They inspect the "exhibit" of modern homes, and vote for their idea of the best assembled plan. The ballots are dropped in a small, covered flower pot, and the hostess later counts them and awards the victor

a charmingly illustrated book on planning a home, or perhaps on garden-making.

Several children, or young girls—(daughters of the hostess, or of friends) now enter, dressed in garden-smocks and shady sun-hats, each carrying several small picnic baskets—one of which is set out on each card table. Another garden-girl follows carrying dainty paper napkins with flower designs, and a basket containing plates, tall glasses, spoons, forks and knives, which she puts on the tables, first laying on paper table-cloths with a design to match the napkins.

The picnic baskets contain sandwiches (cut in flower shapes), done up in oiled paper and tied with narrow paper ribbons of green or yellow. Another paper package in the basket contains cookies and small iced cakes, and there are individual fruit salads in scooped-out apples, covered with a whipped cream dressing (each apple being carefully wrapped in oiled paper, so the dressing cannot spill over the other contents of the basket). Last of all, there are smaller packages of candies, nuts and marrons, etc.

A novel feature is to serve coffee (iced) from big flower pots (in each of which a smaller china bowl has been set). The garden-girls can pass these

and ladle out the coffee at each table. Whipped cream is passed in small crockery bowls that resemble flower pots, and the powdered sugar is served in wee wicker garden-baskets lined with oiled paper so the sugar will not sift through.



A BRIDESMAIDS' LUNCHEON

At Which the Bride's Gifts are Presented

In the center of the table is set a low glass bowl filled with deep pink roses and little sprigs of white candytuft. From the bowl stretch strings of smilax, one to each place, where the smilax is fastened to a wee cardboard bell entirely covered with petals of rose-colored tissue paper.

As a first course, when the guests sit down to the table there is already at every cover a little glass bowl full to the brim of uncooked rice. Out of the middle of the rice sticks an end of rose-colored ribbon with a wedding ring tied to it. The rings can be bought at the five-and-ten-cent store, and will look very golden and shiny.

Of course no girl's curiosity will allow her to wait

a moment before pulling out the ring, when with it will come a tiny box tied in the ribbon and tissue paper. This holds the bride's gift to her bridesmaids, a pin or pendant as the case may be.



OUTFITTING THE BRIDE

An Amusing Afternoon's Occupation for Either Young People or their Elders

A woman I know—who has, by the way, an enviable reputation as a successful hostess—told me the other day of a novel, and highly entertaining afternoon party she had given to a group of her contemporaries, all of them older, married women, who didn't play cards. Just that particular combination is often hard to give a thoroughly enjoyable party for, as, with both cards and dancing barred, one is apt to feel the field decidedly limited. However, here is how my friend, Mrs. Smithley, met it.

She reasoned, first of all, that while "all the world loves a lover," all normal women, whatever their ages, love to plan for a prospective bride, when it is a question of dainty troussau-things. Most of the friends she wished to entertain were mothers

of daughters, or at least aunts of attractive nieces who would probably be brides one day. So she planned her party around that idea. (Though young matrons would have been equally interested.)

The guests invited numbered twelve, and upon arriving at the hour stated in the little notes of invitation, found the living room set out with three card tables, each covered with a square of rose-colored blotting paper, the exact size of the table top, and held in place with small, white-headed thumb-tacks. At each guest's place was an inexpensive scrapbook, such as children use at school; but the hostess had fitted each book with a charming slip-on cover of rose linen. In the center of each table was a pile of what looked like catalogues from various shops and mail-order houses, and beside them four small tubes of paste, and four pairs of sharp scissors. The place cards, bearing the guests' names, were dainty things such as would have been appropriate at a bridal luncheon, showing a sketch of a white-veiled bride, or an elaborate bridal bouquet.

On the first blank page of each scrap book were the following directions:

"You are asked to choose a trousseau for a young girl, who is an orphan, and who, as she is in business

all day, is forced to rely on a friend's judgment. She has saved enough money to be able to spend \$500 on her personal trousseau, which includes underthings, gowns, shoes, stockings, coats and hats—as well as her wedding dress and veil. For her linen closet—which will include bedding, blankets, comfortables, and all household linen, she can spend another five hundred dollars. For furnishing a small, but attractive five-room apartment, consisting of two bedrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen and bath, her future husband can spend fifteen hundred. They want things of good taste, and durable material. What can you do for them, on these sums of money?"

The first table had catalogues, showing illustrations of women's clothes, with prices printed below. Most shops have such catalogues, which they are constantly sending to customers and prospective customers. The hostess had collected those sent her, and begged others from friends. The second table had similar catalogues from linen houses, and linen departments of the large shops—also with prices attached. The third table held a varied assortment of furniture house catalogues.

The game was a progressive one. As soon as the four players at the trousseau table had filled the first pages of their scrapbooks with as many pretty

things as they could buy for five hundred dollars, they all moved on to the linen table, the linen-collectors, of course, going on to the furniture table, and the players at the latter, moving to the personal trousseau table.

The women were all immediately interested in the game, and were as eager to stretch the allotted sums of money to the farthest and best extent as if they had been actually shopping for daughter or niece, and spending real money, for real things.

The illustration of each article chosen was cut out of the catalogue, and pasted in the scrapbook, and the price set down in a neat column of figures in the outer margin. At the end of the afternoon, when the bride had been out-fitted, her linen closet and new apartment furnished properly, a vote was taken on the results, by appointing one guest from each table, together with the hostess, as a jury of award.

A prize was given to the woman who was judged to have bought the best personal trousseau for the least money; to the woman who had filled the linen closet to the best advantage; and thirdly to the woman who had furnished the bride's apartment in the best taste for the allotted expenditure. The trousseau prize was a box of six hand-embroidered

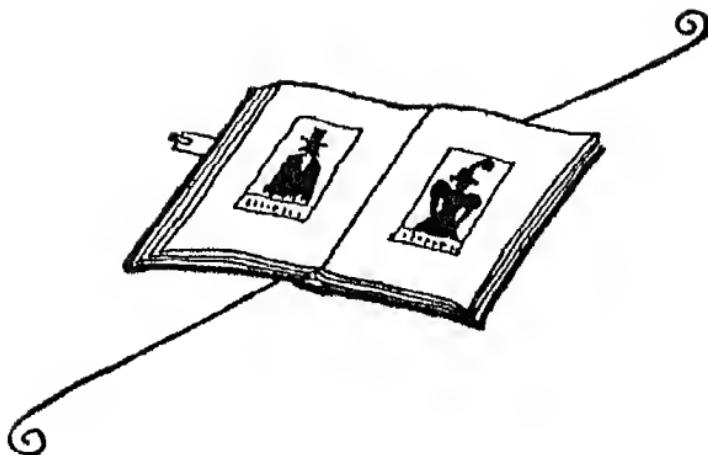
fine linen handkerchiefs, with trimming of narrow net footing. The household linen prize consisted of two dainty guest towels, and the furniture award was a pair of book-ends for the library table.

Upon going into the dining room, the guests found the tea table set as if for a real bridal tea. A white bridal-bouquet of sweet peas and lilies-of-the-valley occupied the center of the table, with narrow silver ribbons—one for each guest present—stretching across the lace tea cloth to the edges of the table, where each ribbon was tied to a tiny white rose-petal card bearing a guest's name. (At the end of the tea, the big bouquet sub-divided into twelve smaller corsage bouquets, one for each guest to wear home.)

At one end of the table there was a big, white-iced bride's cake, and at the other cups and saucers and a coffee pot. The hostess poured the coffee, and asked one of the other guests to officiate at the opposite end, to cut the bride's cake. In addition to the cake, there were two plates of dainty sandwiches, some made of white bread filled with lettuce and mayonnaise, and cut in the shape of wedding bells; while the second platter held brown-bread sandwiches, with a filling of pimento cheese, and were cut in heart shape. Small silver bonbon

dishes held white cream peppermints, and candied ginger; and individual ices were passed with the cake course, afterward, in the shapes of pink strawberry hearts and vanilla-cream wedding bells.

Tall white candles in silver candlesticks, with adorable orange-blossom shades (made by the clever hands of the hostess of yellow and white crêpe paper) lighted the table; and altogether, as one of the guests phrased it upon leaving, they felt "exactly as if they bought a real trousseau and married off a real bride." And the guests all felt, too, that they had acquired a fund of very useful information, themselves, on wedding costs, and the buying of trousseau things. One and all they carried off their filled scrapbooks, with their pretty illustrations and price lists, vowing they would hold them till the next wedding in the family, and then turn a pleasant afternoon's play to practical results.



AN ALBUM PARTY

To Introduce the Neighbors

An album party is a clever way of introducing to their new neighbors a couple who have lately moved to your town.

Explain to those you invite that everyone is expected to come dressed to represent his particular hobby or fad. For example, the man who is a golf enthusiast will come in golfing attire, with his bag of clubs over his shoulder. The woman whose fad is her garden comes in a garden hat, gingham dress, and smart little garden apron, carrying a trowel, rake, or garden basket filled with flowers.

The bookworm will wear shell-rimmed spectacles

and carry an armful of ponderous looking volumes, while the man who is engrossed in business can parody himself by wearing a shiny alpaca coat and a green eye-shade, with a handful of important looking documents or a big ledger under one arm.

Of course, the idea is to exaggerate everything slightly so that it will be amusing. If the ladies like, they may strive for striking and artistic effects as well.

Ask your friends to come at least half an hour before the guests of honor, as you will need some time to instruct them in their rôles.

The best setting for the album is a double doorway between two big rooms. Hang curtains of some dark material, preferably red, in this doorway and sew to them large letters cut from cardboard and covered with gold paper: *The Neighborhood Photograph Album*.

The curtains should be arranged on cords so that they can easily be pulled apart, without hitches, at a signal. About a dozen feet behind these curtains hangs a back-drop of dark material to shut off the rest of the room. This will form a small, improvised stage for showing your "photographs."

Corner your guests in the room behind the back drop, out of sight; when the couple for whom the

party is given arrive, usher them into the front room, where two comfortable chairs are placed side by side before the curtains. Ask them to be seated, as you wish them to look at the pictures of their new neighbors in your photograph album.

Then the host or some man who possesses the gift of making clever little introductions, stands at one side of the curtains and announces the first "photograph." "Mrs. John Blank, the celebrated women's tennis champion of our town, whose home is on Grove Street, etc., etc." Then, at a signal, the curtains slide back, and Mrs. Blank, in her tennis togs, is disclosed smiling at her audience of two.

When a few seconds have elapsed, the host assists her gallantly out of the "album," leading her up to the newcomers, to whom he introduces her.

It is a good plan to allow about two minutes intermission between pictures for conversation, so that the newcomers and the neighbors as they are presented may have a chance to get acquainted.

When the last of the photographs has been shown, the host offers his arm to the guest of honor, leading the way to the room behind the curtains where a table has been set for supper.

In the center is a big cake with the words "Wel-

come to Blanksville" written on it in colored icing and a wee red candle for every guest burning brightly upon it. At the end of the supper each person must make a silent wish for the welfare of the new neighbors and blow out one candle.

A menu for the supper that is simple to prepare for such a crowd follows:

Chicken Salad	
Cold Home-baked Ham	
Hot Sally Lunn	
Ambrosia	Cake
Coffee with Thick Cream	
Salted Nuts	Bonbons

Ambrosia is made of chopped grapefruit, bananas, oranges, white grapes, and candied cherries, served in tall sherbet glasses.



A CHINESE BRIDGE PARTY

A Delightfully "Different" Party

If you want something new, and altogether charming in the way of entertainment for your afternoon bridge party, give a "Chinese Bridge," when next it comes your turn to be hostess. You cannot imagine, till you have tried it, how effective and enjoyable such an affair can be, at the expense of merely a little time and ingenuity.

Make striking-looking covers of black sateen for your tables, weighted at the four corners with heavy, imitation jade beads. Then cut dragons out of shiny gilt paper, and paste them about the covers as a border. Buy playing cards with Chinese backs, and it is quite simple to make utterly adorable and original score-pad covers of black ribbon, ornamenting each with another huge

gilt dragon. A specially effective touch is to buy jade-green pencils for these score cards, and model realistic-looking Chinese dragons running around and about them out of green sealing wax. You do not have to be an artist to get a surprisingly good result. Just experiment a little with the sealing wax and you'll be perfectly satisfied with your own decorative ability.

Place cards should have little hand-painted Chinese sing-song girls in one corner; and the prizes (jade-green or gold crêpe scarfs) are done up in intriguing packages of jade-green tissue paper held together with big, gold dragon seals instead of ribbon.

Thin rice wafers should be served after the game, on a real Chinese plate, if you have one, with orange pekoe tea, and slices of lemon (the edges of the rind cut into flower-petal scallops with a sharp knife). There must also be all sorts of tiny, cooky-thin cakes, iced with orange dragons, and with them "Celestial Flowers"—a delicious fruit concoction made by taking a slice of Hawaiian pineapple, and scalloping the edges in petal designs. On this is scattered a layer of dainty "blossoms" cut from thin slices of apple, with puffs of whipped cream, sprinkled with chopped nuts, topping the

whole. If there is a good Chinese restaurant in your town, you can usually secure some real Chinese sweets, which are really a sort of candied fruit, served on long, match-like sticks. These will give an unusual touch to your refreshments.

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